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XIII.



It may be thought the Doctor was too positive, and Mrs. Almond intimated as much. But as he said, he had his impression; it seemed to him sufficient, and he had no wish to modify it. He had passed his life in estimating people (it was part of the medical trade), and in nineteen cases out of twenty he was right.

"Perhaps Mr. Townsend is the twentieth case," said Mrs. Almond.

"Perhaps he is, though he doesn't look to me at all like a twentieth case. But I will give him the

benefit of the doubt, and, to make sure, I will go and talk with Mrs. Montgomery. She will almost certainly tell me I have done right; but

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it is just possible that she will prove to me that I have made the greatest mistake of my life. If she does, I will beg Mr. Townsend's pardon. You needn't invite her to meet me, as you kindly proposed; I will write her a frank letter, telling her how matters stand, and asking leave to come and see her."

"I am afraid the frankness will be chiefly on your side. The poor little woman will stand up for her brother, whatever he may be."

"Whatever he may be? I doubt that. People are not always so fond of their brothers."

"Ah," said Mrs. Almond, "when it's a question of thirty thousand a year coming into a family——"

"If she stands up for him on account of the money, she will be a humbug. If she is a humbug I shall see it. If I see it, I won't waste time with her."

"She is not a humbug—she is an exemplary woman. She will not wish to play her brother a trick simply because he is selfish."

"If she is worth talking to, she will sooner play him a trick than that he should play Catherine one. Has she seen Catherine, by the way—does she know her?"

"Not to my knowledge. Mr. Townsend can have had no particular interest in bringing them together."

"If she is an exemplary woman, no. But we shall see to what extent she answers your description."

"I shall be curious to hear her description of you!" said Mrs. Almond, with a laugh. "And, meanwhile, how is Catherine taking it?"

"As she takes everything—as a matter of course."

"Doesn't she make a noise? Hasn't she made a scene?"

"She is not scenic."

"I thought a love-lorn maiden was always scenic."

"A ridiculous widow is more so. Lavinia has made me a speech; she thinks me very arbitrary."

"She has a talent for being in the wrong," said Mrs. Almond. "But I am very sorry for Catherine, all the same."

"So am I. But she will get over it."

"You believe she will give him up?"

"I count upon it. She has such an admiration for her father."

"Oh, we know all about that! But it only makes me pity her the more. It makes her dilemma the more painful, and the effort of choosing between you and her lover almost impossible."

"If she can't choose, all the better."

"Yes; but he will stand there entreating her to choose, and Lavinia will pull on that side."

"I am glad she is not on my side; she is capable of ruining an excellent cause. The day Lavinia gets into your boat it capsizes. But she had better be careful," said the Doctor. "I will have no treason in my house!"

"I suspect she will be careful; for she is at bottom very much afraid of you."

"They are both afraid of me—harmless as I am!" the Doctor answered. "And it is on that that I build—on the salutary terror I inspire!"

XIV.

He wrote his frank letter to Mrs. Montgomery, who punctually answered it, mentioning an hour at which he might present himself in the Second Avenue. She lived in a neat little house of red brick, which had been freshly painted, with the edges of the bricks very sharply marked out in white. It has now disappeared, with its companions, to make room for a row of structures more majestic. There were green shutters upon the windows, without slats, but pierced with little holes, arranged in groups; and before the house was a diminutive "yard," ornamented with a bush of mysterious character, and surrounded by a low wooden paling, painted in the same green as the shutters. The place looked like a magnified baby-house, and might have been taken down from a shelf in a toy-shop. Dr. Sloper, when he went to call, said to himself, as he glanced at the objects I have enumerated, that Mrs. Montgomery was evidently a thrifty and self-respecting little person—the modest proportions of her dwelling seemed to indicate that she was of small stature—who took a virtuous satisfaction in keeping herself tidy, and had resolved that, since she might not be splendid, she would at least be immaculate. She received him in a little parlour, which was precisely the parlour he had expected: a small unspeckled bower, ornamented with a desultory foliage of tissue-paper, and with clusters of glass drops, amid which—to carry out the analogy—the temperature of the leafy season was maintained by means of a cast-iron stove, emitting a dry, blue flame and smelling strongly of varnish. The walls were embellished with engravings swathed in pink gauze, and the tables ornamented with volumes of extracts from the poets, usually bound in black cloth stamped with florid designs in jaundiced gilt. The Doctor had time to take cognisance of these details; for Mrs. Montgomery, whose conduct he pronounced under the circumstances inexcusable, kept him waiting some ten minutes before she appeared. At last, however, she rustled in, smoothing down a stiff poplin dress, with a little frightened flush in a gracefully rounded cheek.

She was a small, plump, fair woman, with a bright, clear eye, and an extraordinary air of neatness and briskness. But these qualities were evidently combined with an unaffected humility, and the Doctor gave her his esteem as soon as he had looked at her. A brave little person, with lively perceptions, and yet a disbelief in her own talent for social, as distinguished from practical, affairs—this was his rapid mental *résumé* of Mrs. Montgomery, who, as he saw, was flattered by what she re-

garded as the honour of his visit. Mrs. Montgomery, in her little red house in the Second Avenue, was a person for whom Dr. Sloper was one of the great men, one of the fine gentlemen of New York; and while she fixed her agitated eyes upon him, while she clasped her mittened hands together in her glossy poplin lap, she had the appearance of saying to herself that he quite answered her idea of what a distinguished guest would naturally be. She apologised for being late; but he interrupted her.

"It doesn't matter," he said; "for while I sat here I had time to think over what I wish to say to you, and to make up my mind how to begin."

"Oh, do begin!" murmured Mrs. Montgomery.

"It is not so easy," said the Doctor, smiling. "You will have gathered from my letter that I wish to ask you a few questions, and you may not find it very comfortable to answer them."

"Yes; I have thought what I should say. It is not very easy."

"But you must understand my situation—my state of mind. Your brother wishes to marry my daughter, and I wish to find out what sort of a young man he is. A good way to do so seemed to be to come and ask you, which I have proceeded to do."

Mrs. Montgomery evidently took the situation very seriously; she was in a state of extreme moral concentration. She kept her pretty eyes, which were illumined by a sort of brilliant modesty, attached to his own countenance, and evidently paid the most earnest attention to each of his words. Her expression indicated that she thought his idea of coming to see her a very superior conception, but that she was really afraid to have opinions on strange subjects.

"I am extremely glad to see you," she said, in a tone which seemed to admit, at the same time, that this had nothing to do with the question.

The Doctor took advantage of this admission. "I didn't come to see you for your pleasure; I came to make you say disagreeable things—and you can't like that. What sort of a gentleman is your brother?"

Mrs. Montgomery's illumined gaze grew vague, and began to wander. She smiled a little, and for some time made no answer, so that the Doctor at last became impatient. And her answer, when it came, was not satisfactory. "It is difficult to talk about one's brother."

"Not when one is fond of him, and when one has plenty of good to say."

"Yes, even then, when a good deal depends on it," said Mrs. Montgomery.

"Nothing depends on it, for you."

"I mean for—for——" and she hesitated.

"For your brother himself. I see!"

"I mean for Miss Sloper," said Mrs. Montgomery.

The Doctor liked this; it had the accent of sincerity. "Exactly;

that's the point. If my poor girl should marry your brother, everything—as regards her happiness—would depend on his being a good fellow. She is the best creature in the world, and she could never do him a grain of injury. He, on the other hand, if he should not be all that we desire, might make her very miserable. That is why I want you to throw some light upon his character, you know. Of course, you are not bound to do it. My daughter, whom you have never seen, is nothing to you; and I, possibly, am only an indiscreet and impertinent old man. It is perfectly open to you to tell me that my visit is in very bad taste and that I had better go about my business. But I don't think you will do this; because I think we shall interest you, my poor girl and I. I am sure that if you were to see Catherine, she would interest you very much. I don't mean because she is interesting in the usual sense of the word, but because you would feel sorry for her. She is so soft, so simple-minded, she would be such an easy victim! A bad husband would have remarkable facilities for making her miserable; for she would have neither the intelligence nor the resolution to get the better of him, and yet she would have an exaggerated power of suffering. I see," added the Doctor, with his most insinuating, his most professional laugh, "you are already interested!"

"I have been interested from the moment he told me he was engaged," said Mrs. Montgomery.

"Ah! he says that—he calls it an engagement?"

"Oh, he has told me you didn't like it."

"Did he tell you that I don't like *him*?"

"Yes, he told me that too. I said I couldn't help it!" added Mrs. Montgomery.

"Of course you can't. But what you can do is to tell me I am right—to give me an attestation, as it were." And the Doctor accompanied this remark with another professional smile.

Mrs. Montgomery, however, smiled not at all; it was obvious that she could not take the humorous view of his appeal. "That is a good deal to ask," she said at last.

"There can be no doubt of that; and I must, in conscience, remind you of the advantages a young man marrying my daughter would enjoy. She has an income of ten thousand dollars in her own right, left her by her mother; if she marries a husband I approve, she will come into almost twice as much more at my death."

Mrs. Montgomery listened in great earnestness to this splendid financial statement; she had never heard thousands of dollars so familiarly talked about. She flushed a little with excitement. "Your daughter will be immensely rich," she said softly.

"Precisely—that's the bother of it."

"And if Morris should marry her, he—he——" And she hesitated timidly.

"He would be master of all that money? By no means. He would

be master of the ten thousand a year that she has from her mother; but I should leave every penny of my own fortune, earned in the laborious exercise of my profession, to my nephews and nieces."

Mrs. Montgomery dropped her eyes at this, and sat for some time gazing at the straw matting which covered her floor.

"I suppose it seems to you," said the Doctor, laughing, "that in so doing I should play your brother a very shabby trick."

"Not at all. That is too much money to get possession of so easily, by marrying. I don't think it would be right."

"It's right to get all one can. But in this case your brother wouldn't be able. If Catherine marries without my consent, she doesn't get a penny from my own pocket."

"Is that certain?" asked Mrs. Montgomery, looking up.

"As certain as that I sit here!"

"Even if she should pine away?"

"Even if she should pine to a shadow, which isn't probable."

"Does Morris know this?"

"I shall be most happy to inform him!" the Doctor exclaimed.

Mrs. Montgomery resumed her meditations, and her visitor, who was prepared to give time to the affair, asked himself whether, in spite of her little conscientious air, she was not playing into her brother's hands. At the same time he was half ashamed of the ordeal to which he had subjected her, and was touched by the gentleness with which she bore it. "If she were a humbug," he said, "she would get angry; unless she be very deep indeed. It is not probable that she is as deep as that."

"What makes you dislike Morris so much?" she presently asked, emerging from her reflections.

"I don't dislike him in the least as a friend, as a companion. He seems to me a charming fellow, and I should think he would be excellent company. I dislike him, exclusively, as a son-in-law. If the only office of a son-in-law were to dine at the paternal table, I should set a high value upon your brother. He dines capitally. But that is a small part of his function, which, in general, is to be a protector and care-taker of my child, who is singularly ill-adapted to take care of herself. It is there that he doesn't satisfy me. I confess I have nothing but my impression to go by; but I am in the habit of trusting my impression. Of course you are at liberty to contradict it flat. He strikes me as selfish and shallow."

Mrs. Montgomery's eyes expanded a little, and the Doctor fancied he saw the light of admiration in them. "I wonder you have discovered he is selfish!" she exclaimed.

"Do you think he hides it so well?"

"Very well indeed," said Mrs. Montgomery. "And I think we are all rather selfish," she added quickly.

"I think so too; but I have seen people hide it better than he. You see I am helped by a habit I have of dividing people into classes, into

types. I may easily be mistaken about your brother as an individual, but his type is written on his whole person."

"He is very good-looking," said Mrs. Montgomery.

The Doctor eyed her a moment. "You women are all the same! But the type to which your brother belongs was made to be the ruin of you, and you were made to be its handmaids and victims. The sign of the type in question is the determination—sometimes terrible in its quiet intensity—to accept nothing of life but its pleasures, and to secure these pleasures chiefly by the aid of your complaisant sex. Young men of this class never do anything for themselves that they can get other people to do for them, and it is the infatuation, the devotion, the superstition of others, that keeps them going. These others in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are women. What our young friends chiefly insist upon is that some one else shall suffer for them; and women do that sort of thing, as you must know, wonderfully well." The Doctor paused a moment, and then he added abruptly—"You have suffered immensely for your brother!"

This exclamation was abrupt, as I say, but it was also perfectly calculated. The Doctor had been rather disappointed at not finding his compact and comfortable little hostess surrounded in a more visible degree by the ravages of Morris Townsend's immorality; but he had said to himself that this was not because the young man had spared her, but because she had contrived to plaster up her wounds. They were aching there, behind the varnished stove, the festooned engravings, beneath her own neat little poplin bosom; and if he could only touch the tender spot, she would make a movement that would betray her. The words I have just quoted were an attempt to put his finger suddenly upon the place; and they had some of the success that he looked for. The tears sprang for a moment to Mrs. Montgomery's eyes, and she indulged in a proud little jerk of the head.

"I don't know how you have found that out!" she exclaimed.

"By a philosophic trick—by what they call induction. You know you have always your option of contradicting me. But kindly answer me a question. Don't you give your brother money? I think you ought to answer that."

"Yes, I have given him money," said Mrs. Montgomery.

"And you have not had much to give him?"

She was silent a moment. "If you ask me for a confession of poverty, that is easily made. I am very poor."

"One would never suppose it from your—your charming house," said the Doctor. "I learned from my sister that your income was moderate and your family numerous."

"I have five children," Mrs. Montgomery observed; "but I am happy to say I can bring them up decently."

"Of course you can—accomplished and devoted as you are! But your brother has counted them over, I suppose!"

"Counted them over!"

"He knows there are five, I mean. He tells me it is he that brings them up."

Mrs. Montgomery stared a moment, and then quickly—"Oh, yes; he teaches them—Spanish."

The Doctor laughed out. "That must take a great deal off your hands! Your brother also knows, of course, that you have very little money."

"I have often told him so!" Mrs. Montgomery exclaimed, more unreservedly than she had yet spoken. She was apparently taking some comfort in the Doctor's clairvoyance.

"Which means that you have often occasion to, and that he often sponges on you. Excuse the crudity of my language; I simply express a fact. I don't ask you how much of your money he has had, it is none of my business. I have ascertained what I suspected—what I wished." And the Doctor got up, gently smoothing his hat. "Your brother lives on you," he said as he stood there.

Mrs. Montgomery quickly rose from her chair, following her visitor's movements with a look of fascination. But then, with a certain inconsequence—"I have never complained of him!" she said.

"You needn't protest—you have not betrayed him. But I advise you not to give him any more money."

"Don't you see it is in my interest that he should marry a rich person?" she asked. "If, as you say, he lives on me, I can only wish to get rid of him, and to put obstacles in the way of his marrying is to increase my own difficulties."

"I wish very much you would come to me with your difficulties," said the Doctor. "Certainly, if I throw him back on your hands, the least I can do is to help you to bear the burden. If you will allow me to say so, then, I shall take the liberty of placing in your hands, for the present, a certain fund for your brother's support."

Mrs. Montgomery stared; she evidently thought he was jesting; but she presently saw that he was not, and the complication of her feelings became painful. "It seems to me that I ought to be very much offended with you," she murmured.

"Because I have offered you money? That's a superstition," said the Doctor. "You must let me come and see you again, and we will talk about these things. I suppose that some of your children are girls."

"I have two little girls," said Mrs. Montgomery.

"Well, when they grow up, and begin to think of taking husbands, you will see how anxious you will be about the moral character of these husbands. Then you will understand this visit of mine!"

"Ah, you are not to believe that Morris's moral character is bad!"

The Doctor looked at her a little, with folded arms. "There is something I should greatly like—as a moral satisfaction. I should like to hear you say—'He is abominably selfish!'"

The words came out with the grave distinctness of his voice, and they seemed for an instant to create, to poor Mrs. Montgomery's troubled vision, a material image. She gazed at it an instant, and then she turned away. "You distress me, sir!" she exclaimed. "He is, after all, my brother, and his talents, his talents——" On these last words her voice quavered, and before he knew it she had burst into tears.

"His talents are first-rate!" said the Doctor. "We must find the proper field for them!" And he assured her most respectfully of his regret at having so greatly discomposed her. "It's all for my poor Catherine," he went on. "You must know her, and you will see."

Mrs. Montgomery brushed away her tears and blushed at having shed them. "I should like to know your daughter," she answered; and then, in an instant—"Don't let her marry him!"

Dr. Sloper went away with the words gently humming in his ears—"Don't let her marry him!" They gave him the moral satisfaction of which he had just spoken, and their value was the greater that they had evidently cost a pang to poor little Mrs. Montgomery's family pride.

XV.

He had been puzzled by the way that Catherine carried herself; her attitude at this sentimental crisis seemed to him unnaturally passive. She had not spoken to him again after that scene in the library, the day before his interview with Morris; and a week had elapsed without making any change in her manner. There was nothing in it that appealed for pity, and he was even a little disappointed at her not giving him an opportunity to make up for his harshness by some manifestation of liberality which should operate as a compensation. He thought a little of offering to take her for a tour in Europe; but he was determined to do this only in case she should seem mutely to reproach him. He had an idea that she would display a talent for mute reproaches, and he was surprised at not finding himself exposed to these silent batteries. She said nothing, either tacitly or explicitly, and as she was never very talkative, there was now no especial eloquence in her reserve. And poor Catherine was not sulky—a style of behaviour for which she had too little histrionic talent; she was simply very patient. Of course she was thinking over her situation, and she was apparently doing so in a deliberate and unimpassioned manner, with a view of making the best of it.

"She will do as I have bidden her," said the Doctor, and he made the further reflection that his daughter was not a woman of a great spirit.

I know not whether he had hoped for a little more resistance for the sake of a little more entertainment; but he said to himself, as he had said before, that though it might have its momentary alarms, paternity was, after all, not an exciting vocation.

Catherine meanwhile had made a discovery of a very different sort; it had become vivid to her that there was a great excitement in trying to

be a good daughter. She had an entirely new feeling, which may be described as a state of expectant suspense about her own actions. She watched herself as she would have watched another person, and wondered what she would do. It was as if this other person, who was both herself and not herself, had suddenly sprung into being, inspiring her with a natural curiosity as to the performance of untested functions.

"I am glad I have such a good daughter," said her father, kissing her, after the lapse of several days.

"I am trying to be good," she answered, turning away, with a conscience not altogether clear.

"If there is anything you would like to say to me, you know you must not hesitate. You needn't feel obliged to be so quiet. I shouldn't care that Mr. Townsend should be a frequent topic of conversation, but whenever you have anything particular to say about him I shall be very glad to hear it."

"Thank you," said Catherine; "I have nothing particular at present."

He never asked her whether she had seen Morris again, because he was sure that if this had been the case she would tell him. She had in fact not seen him, she had only written him a long letter. The letter at least was long for her; and, it may be added, that it was long for Morris; it consisted of five pages, in a remarkably neat and handsome hand. Catherine's handwriting was beautiful, and she was even a little proud of it; she was extremely fond of copying, and possessed volumes of extracts which testified to this accomplishment; volumes which she had exhibited one day to her lover, when the bliss of feeling that she was important in his eyes was exceptionally keen. She told Morris in writing that her father had expressed the wish that she should not see him again, and that she begged he would not come to the house until she should have "made up her mind." Morris replied with a passionate epistle, in which he asked to what, in Heaven's name, she wished to make up her mind. Had not her mind been made up two weeks before, and could it be possible that she entertained the idea of throwing him off? Did she mean to break down at the very beginning of their ordeal, after all the promises of fidelity she had both given and extracted? And he gave an account of his own interview with her father—an account not identical at all points with that offered in these pages. "He was terribly violent," Morris wrote; "but you know my self-control. I have need of it all when I remember that I have it in my power to break in upon your cruel captivity." Catherine sent him in answer to this, a note of three lines. "I am in great trouble; do not doubt of my affection, but let me wait a little and think." The idea of a struggle with her father, of setting up her will against his own, was heavy on her soul, and it kept her quiet, as a great physical weight keeps us motionless. It never entered into her mind to throw her lover off; but from the first she tried to assure herself that there would be a peaceful way out of their

difficulty. The assurance was vague, for it contained no element of positive conviction that her father would change his mind. She only had an idea that if she should be very good, the situation would in some mysterious manner improve. To be good, she must be patient, outwardly submissive, abstain from judging her father too harshly and from committing any act of open defiance. He was perhaps right, after all, to think as he did; by which Catherine meant not in the least that his judgment of Morris's motives in seeking to marry her was perhaps a just one, but that it was probably natural and proper that conscientious parents should be suspicious and even unjust. There were probably people in the world as bad as her father supposed Morris to be, and if there were the slightest chance of Morris being one of these sinister persons, the Doctor was right in taking it into account. Of course he could not know what she knew, how the purest love and truth were seated in the young man's eyes; but Heaven, in its time, might appoint a way of bringing him to such knowledge. Catherine expected a good deal of Heaven, and referred to the skies the initiative, as the French say, in dealing with her dilemma. She could not imagine herself imparting any kind of knowledge to her father, there was something superior even in his injustice and absolute in his mistakes. But she could at least be good, and if she were only good enough, Heaven would invent some way of reconciling all things—the dignity of her father's errors and the sweetness of her own confidence, the strict performance of her filial duties and the enjoyment of Morris Townsend's affection. Poor Catherine would have been glad to regard Mrs. Penniman as an illuminating agent, a part which this lady herself indeed was but imperfectly prepared to play. Mrs. Penniman took too much satisfaction in the sentimental shadows of this little drama to have, for the moment, any great interest in dissipating them. She wished the plot to thicken, and the advice that she gave her niece tended, in her own imagination, to produce this result. It was rather incoherent counsel, and from one day to another it contradicted itself; but it was pervaded by an earnest desire that Catherine should do something striking. "You must *act*, my dear; in your situation the great thing is to *act*," said Mrs. Penniman, who found her niece altogether beneath her opportunities. Mrs. Penniman's real hope was that the girl would make a secret marriage, at which she should officiate as brideswoman or duenna. She had a vision of this ceremony being performed in some subterranean chapel—subterranean chapels in New York were not frequent, but Mrs. Penniman's imagination was not chilled by trifles—and of the guilty couple—she liked to think of poor Catherine and her suitor as the guilty couple—being shuffled away in a fast-whirling vehicle to some obscure lodging in the suburbs, where she would pay them (in a thick veil) clandestine visits, where they would endure a period of romantic privation, and where ultimately, after she should have been their earthly providence, their intercessor, their advocate, and their medium of communication with the world, they would be reconciled to her brother in

an artistic tableau, in which she herself should be somehow the central figure. She hesitated as yet to recommend this course to Catherine, but she attempted to draw an attractive picture of it to Morris Townsend. She was in daily communication with the young man, whom she kept informed by letters of the state of affairs in Washington Square. As he had been banished, as she said, from the house, she no longer saw him; but she ended by writing to him that she longed for an interview. This interview could take place only on neutral ground, and she bethought herself greatly before selecting a place of meeting. She had an inclination for Greenwood Cemetery, but she gave it up as too distant; she could not absent herself for so long, as she said, without exciting suspicion. Then she thought of the Battery, but that was rather cold and windy, besides one's being exposed to intrusion from the Irish emigrants who at this point alight, with large appetites, in the New World; and at last she fixed upon an oyster saloon in the Seventh Avenue, kept by a negro—an establishment of which she knew nothing save that she had noticed it in passing. She made an appointment with Morris Townsend to meet him there, and she went to the tryst at dusk, enveloped in an impenetrable veil. He kept her waiting for half-an-hour—he had almost the whole width of the city to traverse—but she liked to wait, it seemed to intensify the situation. She ordered a cup of tea, which proved excessively bad, and this gave her a sense that she was suffering in a romantic cause. When Morris at last arrived, they sat together for half an hour in the duskiest corner of the back shop; and it is hardly too much to say that this was the happiest half-hour that Mrs. Penniman had known for years. The situation was really thrilling, and it scarcely seemed to her a false note when her companion asked for an oyster-stew, and proceeded to consume it before her eyes. Morris, indeed, needed all the satisfaction that stewed oysters could give him, for it may be intimated to the reader that he regarded Mrs. Penniman in the light of a fifth wheel to his coach. He was in a state of irritation natural to a gentleman of fine parts who had been snubbed in a benevolent attempt to confer a distinction upon a young woman of inferior characteristics, and the insinuating sympathy of this somewhat desiccated matron appeared to offer him no practical relief. He thought her a humbug, and he judged of humbugs with a good deal of confidence. He had listened and made himself agreeable to her at first, in order to get a footing in Washington Square; and at present he needed all his self-command to be decently civil. It would have gratified him to tell her that she was a fantastic old woman, and that he should like to put her into an omnibus and send her home. We know, however, that Morris possessed the virtue of self-control, and he had moreover the constant habit of seeking to be agreeable; so that, although Mrs. Penniman's demeanour only exasperated his already unquiet nerves, he listened to her with a sombre deference in which she found much to admire,

XVI.

They had of course immediately spoken of Catherine. "Did she send me a message, or—or anything?" Morris asked. He appeared to think that she might have sent him a trinket or a lock of her hair.

Mrs. Penniman was slightly embarrassed, for she had not told her niece of her intended expedition. "Not exactly a message," she said; "I didn't ask her for one, because I was afraid to—to excite her."

"I am afraid she is not very excitable!" And Morris gave a smile of some bitterness.

"She is better than that. She is steadfast—she is true!"

"Do you think she will hold fast then?"

"To the death!"

"Oh, I hope it won't come to that," said Morris.

"We must be prepared for the worst, and that is what I wish to speak to you about."

"What do you call the worst?"

"Well," said Mrs. Penniman, "my brother's hard, intellectual nature."

"Oh, the devil!"

"He is impervious to pity," Mrs. Penniman added, by way of explanation.

"Do you mean that he won't come round?"

"He will never be vanquished by argument. I have studied him. He will be vanquished only by the accomplished fact."

"The accomplished fact?"

"He will come round afterwards," said Mrs. Penniman, with extreme significance. "He cares for nothing but facts—he must be met by facts!"

"Well," rejoined Morris, "it is a fact that I wish to marry his daughter. I met him with that the other day, but he was not at all vanquished."

Mrs. Penniman was silent a little, and her smile beneath the shadow of her capacious bonnet, on the edge of which her black veil was arranged curtainwise, fixed itself upon Morris's face with a still more tender brilliancy. "Marry Catherine first and meet him afterwards!" she exclaimed.

"Do you recommend that?" asked the young man, frowning heavily.

She was a little frightened, but she went on with considerable boldness. "That is the way I see it: a private marriage—a private marriage." She repeated the phrase because she liked it.

"Do you mean that I should carry Catherine off? What do they call it—elope with her?"

"It is not a crime when you are driven to it," said Mrs. Penniman. "My husband, as I have told you, was a distinguished clergyman—one

of the most eloquent men of his day. He once married a young couple that had fled from the house of the young lady's father; he was so interested in their story. He had no hesitation, and everything came out beautifully. The father was afterwards reconciled, and thought everything of the young man. Mr. Penniman married them in the evening, about seven o'clock. The church was so dark, you could scarcely see; and Mr. Penniman was intensely agitated—he was so sympathetic. I don't believe he could have done it again."

"Unfortunately Catherine and I have not Mr. Penniman to marry us," said Morris.

"No, but you have me!" rejoined Mrs. Penniman, expressively. "I can't perform the ceremony, but I can help you; I can watch!"

"The woman's an idiot!" thought Morris; but he was obliged to say something different. It was not, however, materially more civil. "Was it in order to tell me this that you requested I would meet you here?"

Mrs. Penniman had been conscious of a certain vagueness in her errand, and of not being able to offer him any very tangible reward for his long walk. "I thought perhaps you would like to see one who is so near to Catherine," she observed, with considerable majesty. "And also," she added, "that you would value an opportunity of sending her something."

Morris extended his empty hands with a melancholy smile. "I am greatly obliged to you, but I have nothing to send!"

"Haven't you a *word*?" asked his companion, with her suggestive smile coming back.

Morris frowned again. "Tell her to hold fast," he said, rather curtly.

"That is a good word—a noble word. It will make her happy for many days. She is very touching, very brave," Mrs. Penniman went on, arranging her mantle and preparing to depart. While she was so engaged she had an inspiration; she found the phrase that she could boldly offer as a vindication of the step she had taken. "If you marry Catherine at all risks," she said, "you will give my brother a proof of your being what he pretends to doubt."

"What he pretends to doubt?"

"Don't you know what that is?" Mrs. Penniman asked, almost playfully.

"It does not concern me to know," said Morris, grandly.

"Of course it makes you angry."

"I despise it," Morris declared.

"Ah, you know what it is, then?" said Mrs. Penniman, shaking her finger at him. "He pretends that you like—you like the money."

Morris hesitated a moment; and then, as if he spoke advisedly, "I *do* like the money!"

"Ah, but not—but not as he means it. You don't like it more than Catherine?"

He leaned his elbows on the table and buried his head in his hands.

"You torture me!" he murmured. And, indeed, this was almost the effect of the poor lady's too importunate interest in his situation.

But she insisted on making her point. "If you marry her in spite of him, he will take for granted that you expect nothing of him, and are prepared to do without it. And so he will see that you are disinterested."

Morris raised his head a little, following this argument. "And what shall I gain by that?"

"Why, that he will see that he has been wrong in thinking that you wished to get his money."

"And seeing that I wish he would go to the deuce with it, he will leave it to a hospital. Is that what you mean?" asked Morris.

"No, I don't mean that; though that would be very grand!" Mrs. Penniman quickly added. "I mean that having done you such an injustice, he will think it his duty, at the end, to make some amends."

Morris shook his head, though it must be confessed he was a little struck with this idea. "Do you think he is so sentimental?"

"He is not sentimental," said Mrs. Penniman; "but, to be perfectly fair to him, I think he has, in his own narrow way, a certain sense of duty."

There passed through Morris Townsend's mind a rapid wonder as to what he might, even under a remote contingency, be indebted to from the action of this principle in Dr. Sloper's breast, and the inquiry exhausted itself in his sense of the ludicrous. "Your brother has no duties to me," he said presently, "and I none to him."

"Ah, but he has duties to Catherine."

"Yes, but you see that on that principle Catherine has duties to him as well."

Mrs. Penniman got up, with a melancholy sigh, as if she thought him very unimaginative. "She has always performed them faithfully; and now do you think she has no duties to *you*?" Mrs. Penniman always, even in conversation, italicised her personal pronouns.

"It would sound harsh to say so! I am so grateful for her love," Morris added.

"I will tell her you said that! And now, remember that if you need me I am there." And Mrs. Penniman, who could think of nothing more to say, nodded vaguely in the direction of Washington Square.

Morris looked some moments at the sanded floor of the shop; he seemed to be disposed to linger a moment. At last, looking up with a certain abruptness, "It is your belief that if she marries me he will cut her off?" he asked.

Mrs. Penniman stared a little, and smiled. "Why, I have explained to you what I think would happen—that in the end it would be the best thing to do."

"You mean that, whatever she does, in the long run she will get the money?"

"It doesn't depend upon her, but upon you. Venture to appear as disinterested as you are!" said Mrs. Penniman ingeniously. Morris dropped his eyes on the sanded floor again, pondering this; and she pursued. "Mr. Penniman and I had nothing, and we were very happy. Catherine, moreover, has her mother's fortune, which, at the time my sister-in-law married, was considered a very handsome one."

"Oh, don't speak of that!" said Morris; and, indeed, it was quite superfluous, for he had contemplated the fact in all its lights.

"Austin married a wife with money—why shouldn't you?"

"Ah! but your brother was a doctor," Morris objected.

"Well, all young men can't be doctors!"

"I should think it an extremely loathsome profession," said Morris, with an air of intellectual independence; then, in a moment, he went on rather inconsequently, "Do you suppose there is a will already made in Catherine's favour?"

"I suppose so—even doctors must die; and perhaps a little in mine," Mrs. Penniman frankly added.

"And you believe he would certainly change it—as regards Catherine?"

"Yes; and then change it back again."

"Ah, but one can't depend on that!" said Morris.

"Do you want to *depend* on it?" Mrs. Penniman asked.

Morris blushed a little. "Well, I am certainly afraid of being the cause of an injury to Catherine."

"Ah! you must not be afraid. Be afraid of nothing, and everything will go well!"

And then Mrs. Penniman paid for her cup of tea, and Morris paid for his oyster stew, and they went out together into the dimly-lighted wilderness of the Seventh Avenue. The dusk had closed in completely, and the street lamps were separated by wide intervals of a pavement in which cavities and fissures played a disproportionate part. An omnibus, emblazoned with strange pictures, went tumbling over the dislocated cobble-stones.

"How will you go home?" Morris asked, following this vehicle with an interested eye. Mrs. Penniman had taken his arm.

She hesitated a moment. "I think this manner would be pleasant," she said; and she continued to let him feel the value of his support.

So he walked with her through the devious ways of the west side of the town, and through the bustle of gathering nightfall in populous streets, to the quiet precinct of Washington Square. They lingered a moment at the foot of Dr. Sloper's white marble steps, above which a spotless white door, adorned with a glittering silver plate, seemed to figure, for Morris, the closed portal of happiness; and then Mrs. Penniman's companion rested a melancholy eye upon a lighted window in the upper part of the house.

"That is my room—my dear little room!" Mrs. Penniman remarked.

Morris started. "Then I needn't come walking round the square to gaze at it."

"That's as you please. But Catherine's is behind; two noble windows on the second floor. I think you can see them from the other street."

"I don't want to see them, ma'am!" And Morris turned his back to the house.

"I will tell her you have been *here*, at any rate," said Mrs. Penniman, pointing to the spot where they stood; "and I will give her your message—that she is to hold fast!"

"Oh, yes! of course. You know I write her all that."

"It seems to say more when it is spoken! And remember, if you need me, that I am *there*;" and Mrs. Penniman glanced at the third floor.

On this they separated, and Morris, left to himself, stood looking at the house a moment; after which he turned away, and took a gloomy walk round the Square, on the opposite side, close to the wooden fence. Then he came back, and paused for a minute in front of Dr. Sloper's dwelling. His eyes travelled over it; they even rested on the ruddy windows of Mrs. Penniman's apartment. He thought it a devilish comfortable house.

XVII.

Mrs. Penniman told Catherine that evening—the two ladies were sitting in the back parlour—that she had had an interview with Morris Townsend; and on receiving this news the girl started with a sense of pain. She felt angry for the moment; it was almost the first time she had ever felt angry. It seemed to her that her aunt was meddling; and from this came a vague apprehension that she would spoil something.

"I don't see why you should have seen him. I don't think it was right," Catherine said.

"I was so sorry for him—it seemed to me some one ought to see him."

"No one but I," said Catherine, who felt as if she were making the most presumptuous speech of her life, and yet at the same time had an instinct that she was right in doing so.

"But you wouldn't, my dear," Aunt Lavinia rejoined; "and I didn't know what might have become of him."

"I have not seen him because my father has forbidden it," Catherine said, very simply.

There was a simplicity in this, indeed, which fairly vexed Mrs. Penniman. "If your father forbade you to go to sleep, I suppose you would keep awake!" she commented.

Catherine looked at her. "I don't understand you. You seem to me very strange."

"Well, my dear, you will understand me some day!" And Mrs.

Penniman, who was reading the evening paper, which she perused daily from the first line to the last, resumed her occupation. She wrapped herself in silence; she was determined Catherine should ask her for an account of her interview with Morris. But Catherine was silent for so long, that she almost lost patience; and she was on the point of remarking to her that she was very heartless, when the girl at last spoke.

"What did he say?" she asked.

"He said he is ready to marry you any day, in spite of everything."

Catherine made no answer to this, and Mrs. Penniman almost lost patience again; owing to which she at last volunteered the information that Morris looked very handsome, but terribly haggard.

"Did he seem sad?" asked her niece.

"He was dark under the eyes," said Mrs. Penniman. "So different from when I first saw him; though I am not sure that if I had seen him in this condition the first time, I should not have been even more struck with him. There is something brilliant in his very misery."

This was, to Catherine's sense, a vivid picture, and though she disapproved, she felt herself gazing at it. "Where did you see him?" she asked presently.

"In—in the Bowery; at a confectioner's," said Mrs. Penniman, who had a general idea that she ought to dissemble a little.

"Whereabouts is the place?" Catherine inquired, after another pause.

"Do you wish to go there, my dear?" said her aunt.

"Oh, no!" And Catherine got up from her seat and went to the fire, where she stood looking awhile at the glowing coals.

"Why are you so dry, Catherine?" Mrs. Penniman said at last.

"So dry?"

"So cold—so irresponsible."

The girl turned, very quickly. "Did he say that?"

Mrs. Penniman hesitated a moment. "I will tell you what he said. He said he feared only one thing—that you would be afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid of your father."

Catherine turned back to the fire again, and then, after a pause, she said—"I am afraid of my father."

Mrs. Penniman got quickly up from her chair and approached her niece. "Do you mean to give him up, then?"

Catherine for some time never moved; she kept her eyes on the coals. At last she raised her head and looked at her aunt. "Why do you push me so?" she asked.

"I don't push you. When have I spoken to you before?"

"It seems to me that you have spoken to me several times."

"I am afraid it is necessary, then, Catherine," said Mrs. Penniman, with a good deal of solemnity. "I am afraid you don't feel the importance—" She paused a little; Catherine was looking at her. "The importance of not disappointing that gallant young heart!" And Mrs.

Penniman went back to her chair, by the lamp, and, with a little jerk, picked up the evening paper again.

Catherine stood there before the fire, with her hands behind her, looking at her aunt, to whom it seemed that the girl had never had just this dark fixedness in her gaze. "I don't think you understand—or that you know me," she said.

"If I don't, it is not wonderful; you trust me so little."

Catherine made no attempt to deny this charge, and for some time more nothing was said. But Mrs. Penniman's imagination was restless, and the evening paper failed on this occasion to enchain it.

"If you succumb to the dread of your father's wrath," she said, "I don't know what will become of us."

"Did *he* tell you to say these things to me?"

"He told me to use my influence."

"You must be mistaken," said Catherine. "He trusts me."

"I hope he may never repent of it!" And Mrs. Penniman gave a little sharp slap to her newspaper. She knew not what to make of her niece, who had suddenly become stern and contradictory.

This tendency on Catherine's part was presently even more apparent. "You had much better not make any more appointments with Mr. Townsend," she said. "I don't think it is right."

Mrs. Penniman rose with considerable majesty. "My poor child, are you jealous of me?" she inquired.

"Oh, Aunt Lavinia!" murmured Catherine, blushing.

"I don't think it is your place to teach me what is right."

On this point Catherine made no concession. "It can't be right to deceive."

"I certainly have not deceived *you*!"

"Yes; but I promised my father——"

"I have no doubt you promised your father. But I have promised him nothing!"

Catherine had to admit this, and she did so in silence. "I don't believe Mr. Townsend himself likes it," she said at last.

"Doesn't like meeting me?"

"Not in secret."

"It was not in secret; the place was full of people."

"But it was a secret place—away off in the Bowery."

Mrs. Penniman flinched a little. "Gentlemen enjoy such things," she remarked, presently. "I know what gentlemen like."

"My father wouldn't like it, if he knew."

"Pray, do you propose to inform him?" Mrs. Penniman inquired.

"No, Aunt Lavinia. But please don't do it again."

"If I do it again, you will inform him: is that what you mean? I do not share your dread of my brother; I have always known how to defend my own position. But I shall certainly never again take any step on your behalf; you are much too thankless. I knew you were

not a spontaneous nature, but I believed you were firm, and I told your father that he would find you so. I am disappointed—but your father will not be!" And with this, Mrs. Penniman offered her niece a brief good-night, and withdrew to her own apartment.

XVIII.

Catherine sat alone by the parlour fire—sat there for more than an hour, lost in her meditations. Her aunt seemed to her aggressive and foolish, and to see it so clearly—to judge Mrs. Penniman so positively—made her feel old and grave. She did not resent the imputation of weakness; it made no impression on her, for she had not the sense of weakness, and she was not hurt at not being appreciated. She had an immense respect for her father, and she felt that to displease him would be a misdemeanour analogous to an act of profanity in a great temple: but her purpose had slowly ripened, and she believed that her prayers had purified it of its violence. The evening advanced, and the lamp burned dim without her noticing it; her eyes were fixed upon her terrible plan. She knew her father was in his study—that he had been there all the evening; from time to time she expected to hear him move. She thought he would perhaps come, as he sometimes came, into the parlour. At last the clock struck eleven, and the house was wrapped in silence; the servants had gone to bed. Catherine got up and went slowly to the door of the library, where she waited a moment, motionless. Then she knocked, and then she waited again. Her father had answered her, but she had not the courage to turn the latch. What she had said to her aunt was true enough—she was afraid of him; and in saying that she had no sense of weakness she meant that she was not afraid of herself. She heard him move within, and he came and opened the door for her.

"What is the matter?" asked the Doctor. "You are standing there like a ghost."

She went into the room, but it was some time before she contrived to say what she had come to say. Her father, who was in his dressing-gown and slippers, had been busy at his writing-table, and after looking at her for some moments, and waiting for her to speak, he went and seated himself at his papers again. His back was turned to her—she began to hear the scratching of his pen. She remained near the door, with her heart thumping beneath her bodice; and she was very glad that his back was turned, for it seemed to her that she could more easily address herself to this portion of his person than to his face. At last she began, watching it while she spoke.

"You told me that if I should have anything more to say about Mr. Townsend you would be glad to listen to it."

"Exactly, my dear," said the Doctor, not turning round, but stopping his pen.

Catherine wished it would go on, but she herself continued. "I thought I would tell you that I have not seen him again, but that I should like to do so."

"To bid him good-bye?" asked the Doctor.

The girl hesitated a moment. "He is not going away."

The Doctor wheeled slowly round in his chair, with a smile that seemed to accuse her of an epigram; but extremes meet, and Catherine had not intended one. "It is not to bid him good-bye, then?" her father said.

"No, father, not that; at least not for ever. I have not seen him again, but I should like to see him," Catherine repeated.

The Doctor slowly rubbed his under-lip with the feather of his quill.

"Have you written to him?"

"Yes, four times."

"You have not dismissed him, then. Once would have done that."

"No," said Catherine; "I have asked him—asked him to wait."

Her father sat looking at her, and she was afraid he was going to break out into wrath; his eyes were so fine and cold.

"You are a dear, faithful child," he said at last. "Come here to your father." And he got up, holding out his hands towards her.

The words were a surprise, and they gave her an exquisite joy. She went to him, and he put his arm round her tenderly, soothingly; and then he kissed her. After this he said—

"Do you wish to make me very happy?"

"I should like to—but I am afraid I can't," Catherine answered.

"You can if you will. It all depends on your will."

"Is it to give him up?" said Catherine.

"Yes, it is to give him up."

And he held her still, with the same tenderness, looking into her face and resting his eyes on her averted eyes. There was a long silence; she wished he would release her.

"You are happier than I, father," she said, at last.

"I have no doubt you are unhappy just now. But it is better to be unhappy for three months and get over it, than for many years and never get over it."

"Yes, if that were so," said Catherine.

"It would be so; I am sure of that." She answered nothing, and he went on: "Have you no faith in my wisdom, in my tenderness, in my solicitude for your future?"

"Oh, father!" murmured the girl.

"Don't you suppose that I know something of men: their vices, their follies, their falsities?"

She detached herself, and turned upon him. "He is not vicious—he is not false!"

Her father kept looking at her with his sharp, pure eye. "You make nothing of my judgment, then?"

"I can't believe that!"

"I don't ask you to believe it, but to take it on trust."

Catherine was far from saying to herself that this was an ingenious sophism; but she met the appeal none the less squarely. "What has he done—what do you know?"

"He has never done anything—he is a selfish idler."

"Oh, father, don't abuse him!" she exclaimed, pleadingly.

"I don't mean to abuse him; it would be a great mistake. You may do as you choose," he added, turning away.

"I may see him again?"

"Just as you choose."

"Will you forgive me?"

"By no means."

"It will only be for once."

"I don't know what you mean by once. You must either give him up or continue the acquaintance."

"I wish to explain—to tell him to wait."

"To wait for what?"

"Till you know him better—till you consent."

"Don't tell him any such nonsense as that. I know him well enough, and I shall never consent."

"But we can wait a long time," said poor Catherine, in a tone which was meant to express the humblest conciliation, but which had upon her father's nerves the effect of an iteration not characterised by tact.

The Doctor answered, however, quietly enough: "Of course you can wait till I die, if you like."

Catherine gave a cry of natural horror.

"Your engagement will have one delightful effect upon you; it will make you extremely impatient for that event."

Catherine stood staring, and the Doctor enjoyed the point he had made. It came to Catherine with the force—or rather with the vague impressiveness—of a logical axiom which it was not in her province to controvert; and yet, though it was a scientific truth, she felt wholly unable to accept it.

"I would rather not marry, if that were true," she said.

"Give me a proof of it, then; for it is beyond a question that by engaging yourself to Morris Townsend you simply wait for my death."

She turned away, feeling sick and faint; and the Doctor went on: "And if you wait for it with impatience, judge, if you please, what *his* eagerness will be!"

Catherine turned it over—her father's words had such an authority for her that her very thoughts were capable of obeying him. There was a dreadful ugliness in it, which seemed to glare at her through the interposing medium of her own feebler reason. Suddenly, however, she had an inspiration—she almost knew it to be an inspiration.

"If I don't marry before your death, I will not after," she said.

To her father, it must be admitted, this seemed only another epigram; and as obstinacy, in unaccomplished minds, does not usually select such a mode of expression, he was the more surprised at this wanton play of a fixed idea.

"Do you mean that for an impertinence?" he inquired; an inquiry of which, as he made it, he quite perceived the grossness.

"An impertinence? Oh father, what terrible things you say!"

"If you don't wait for my death, you might as well marry immediately; there is nothing else to wait for."

For some time Catherine made no answer; but finally she said—

"I think Morris—little by little—might persuade you."

"I shall never let him speak to me again. I dislike him too much."

Catherine gave a long, low sigh; she tried to stifle it, for she had made up her mind that it was wrong to make a parade of her trouble, and to endeavour to act upon her father by the meretricious aid of emotion. Indeed, she even thought it wrong—in the sense of being inconsiderate—to attempt to act upon his feelings at all; her part was to effect some gentle, gradual change in his intellectual perception of poor Morris's character. But the means of effecting such a change were at present shrouded in mystery, and she felt miserably helpless and hopeless. She had exhausted all arguments, all replies. Her father might have pitied her, and in fact he did so; but he was sure he was right.

"There is one thing you can tell Mr. Townsend, when you see him again," he said: "that if you marry without my consent, I don't leave you a farthing of money. That will interest him more than anything else you can tell him."

"That would be very right," Catherine answered. "I ought not in that case to have a farthing of your money."

"My dear child," the Doctor observed, laughing, "your simplicity is touching. Make that remark, in that tone, and with that expression of countenance, to Mr. Townsend and take a note of his answer. It won't be polite—it will express irritation; and I shall be glad of that, as it will put me in the right; unless, indeed—which is perfectly possible—you should like him the better for being rude to you."

"He will never be rude to me," said Catherine, gently.

"Tell him what I say, all the same."

She looked at her father, and her quiet eyes filled with tears.

"I think I will see him, then," she murmured, in her timid voice.

"Exactly as you choose!" And he went to the door and opened it for her to go out. The movement gave her a terrible sense of his turning her off.

"It will be only once, for the present," she added, lingering a moment.

"Exactly as you choose," he repeated, standing there with his hand on the door. "I have told you what I think. If you see him, you will

be an ungrateful, cruel child; you will have given your old father the greatest pain of his life."

This was more than the poor girl could bear; her tears overflowed, and she moved towards her grimly consistent parent with a pitiful cry. Her hands were raised in supplication, but he sternly evaded this appeal. Instead of letting her sob out her misery on his shoulder, he simply took her by the arm and directed her course across the threshold, closing the door gently but firmly behind her. After he had done so, he remained listening. For a long time there was no sound; he knew that she was standing outside. He was sorry for her, as I have said; but he was so sure he was right. At last he heard her move away, and then her footstep creaked faintly upon the stairs.

The Doctor took several turns round his study, with his hands in his pockets, and a thin sparkle, possibly of irritation, but partly also of something like humour, in his eye. "By Jove," he said to himself, "I believe she will stick—I believe she will stick!" And this idea of Catherine "sticking" appeared to have a comical side, and to offer a prospect of entertainment. He determined, as he said to himself, to see it out.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

Why did Shakspeare write Tragedies?

STUDENTS of Shakspeare ought to be very grateful to Mr. Furnivall, both for the many scarce books bearing on their subject that have been brought within their reach, and for the progress that has been made in ascertaining the dates of his several writings; which are all we can be said to *know* about him—all, at least, that makes him memorable. The dates are still in many cases doubtful; but the order of succession, which is the most important point, is already determined with tolerable certainty, and the problem is, to learn from it the history of his mind.

Before the New Shakspeare Society can deal with that problem in its corporate capacity, it has a great deal of preparatory business to get through, and a great deal of leisure for consideration. But Mr. Furnivall has, in the meantime, explained his personal views about it in his Introduction to the *Leopold Shakspeare*. To some of these I have, as he is aware, a strong objection; and as his original design in founding the New Society was to have every disputable question concerning Shakspeare fought out and settled by general agreement before any final resolutions were taken, I propose to offer as my contribution to the debate a statement of the principal points on which, as at present advised, I differ with him.

The following sentences, extracted from his "Introduction," will explain what the question is, as I understand it: *

I believe, nay, assert, that down each side-edge of every one of Shakspeare's plays are several hooks and eyes of special patterns, which as soon as their play is put in its right place will find a set of eyes and hooks of the same pattern in the adjoining play to fit into

The only exception to the rule is, where an entirely new or different subject is started, after such a succession of comedies as closes Shakspeare's Second Period; in this case the links, the hooks and eyes, on the left edge of the new play may be wanting.

Note, too, that as in conjunctions we have both copulative and disjunctive ones, so in links we have both bonds of likeness and contrast . . . These links . . . are only what must naturally exist between works written by the same man, nearly at the same time of his life, and in the same mood.

From evidence of like kind, comparing the general tone of the Four Periods of his works, I hold that Shakspeare's plays, when looked at broadly in their successive periods, represent his own prevailing temper of mind, as man as well as artist, in the succeeding stages of his life.†

* There are two or three points upon which Mr. Furnivall tells me that I have misunderstood him. His explanations will be found in the footnotes where they occur.

† Introduction to the *Leopold Shakspeare*, p. cxix.

Now if this means only that Shakspeare preserved his personal identity from his birth to his death,—that he continued to be the same man, with only such changes as accompany growth in a healthy human subject, that his successive works are all related to each other, as the successive actions of one man must always be related, through their common relation to himself—that as what a man *does* must always correspond with what at the time of doing it he *is*, so whatever he writes must bear some mark (if we could but read it) of his condition, mental and bodily, at the time of writing—and therefore that when all we know of him is what he has written, our only chance of finding out what kind of man he was is to read what he has written with due consideration of all the circumstances, order of succession being one:—if this be all, it seems a harmless proposition which nobody can dispute, and for which nobody can be the wiser. And when all the conditions here specified are duly taken into account and set out in their proper places, it may almost seem that no more was meant. For it appears that the hooks are to fit the eyes, only in the writings (1) of “the same man”; (2) “nearly at the same time of his life”; (3) “in the same mood”; and (4) dealing with the same class of “subjects”; for, “when an entirely new or different subject is started,” we are expressly warned that the rule does not hold; and as we are not in that case to expect that the eyes of the last writing will fit the hooks of the last *preceding*, so if it should happen that another “entirely new or different subject” should be started in the next *succeeding*, we must not expect them to fit with it either. Now that the same man, at the same age, dealing with the same kind of subjects in the same mood, will probably leave upon them marks of the same hand, is so indisputable that it seems superfluous to assert it. And though it is not so certain that works composed under these conditions will reflect faithfully either “the prevailing temper of his mind” or the actual conditions of his life (for in his imaginative mood a man sees himself not as he is, but as he would be), yet a judicious reader may collect something from them in this way too. But what are we to infer when we find two plays in which the same subjects are *not* treated in the same way? Shall we say that they *cannot* have been written by the same man, nearly at the same time of his life, and in the same mood; because the inevitable “links” are wanting? By no means. “Links,” like conjunctions, are of different kinds. Our hooks and eyes may be either “copulative or disjunctive”—either fit or refuse to fit. Now where in two plays the subjects are different, or being similar are differently treated, if we find no hooks and eyes that fit, we can hardly fail to find some that do not fit; these are the “disjunctive links,” the “bonds of contrast,” which in some mysterious way serve the same purpose as the “bonds of likeness,” and help to teach us (if we do not know it already) that the successive productions of the same man are apt to be like each other in some things and unlike in others; and that both the like and the unlike, being the expression of something in himself, will, if rightly understood, tell us something about him.

More than this we cannot reasonably expect to establish by this kind of evidence; and if more is promised by the propounder, I think it is because he assumed two things besides—which cannot, however, be so readily granted: one, that each of Shakspeare's works was meant to be taken as part of a whole; being connected with those that came before and after, not merely as a product of the same mind, but as holding a place in a general scheme designed by that mind; * the other, that each of them reflects some personal experience of the writer's own—whatever passion is in any of them represented with apparent force and truth being presumably a passion to which he had been himself subject at or about that time.

With the help of these large and bold, and by me altogether inadmissible assumptions, a knowledge of the order in which the several plays were composed would no doubt tell us a great deal; and if the hooks and eyes could find it out for us, the inquiry after them could hardly be too searching. Even without their help it would tell us something. Every man changes more or less with age and experience, and, therefore, the true dates of his successive productions will always throw some light both upon them and upon him. But though the true dates, or at least the true order of succession, may be otherwise found within certain limits with a certain degree of probability, I do not see how it can be done by the mere discovery of resemblances and contrasts, unless it can be shown that the contrast implies some difference due to time, and that the resemblance implies some limit to the time which may have passed between the one and the other. "Links,"—in the shape of similar situations, characters bearing the same relation to each other, similar ideas, images, tricks of expression, and the like—will always be

* 'The great defect of the English school of Shaksperians is their neglect to study Shakspeare as a whole. They have too much looked on his works as a conglomerate of isolated plays, without order or succession . . . whereas the first necessity is to regard Shakspeare as a whole, his works as a living organism, each a member of one created unity . . . the successive shoots of one great mind which can never be seen in its full glory . . . unless it be viewed in its oneness,' p. xvii. The words, "Each a member of one created unity," I took to mean that each formed part of a general scheme *designed by the author*. In this Mr. Furnivall tells me that I was mistaken. His true meaning he explains in the following note. "I look on the work of any great artist, Turner, Beethoven, Shakspeare, as a whole, a unity, created by him, and on each work as a part of that whole or unity. But of course I never thought that any artist started with the design of that whole or unity in his head, and produced his successive works to fit into his design. His works just came out of him as his nature from time to time put them forth, and they formed a whole or unity never designed or dreamt of by him at first, though he created it."—*F. J. F.* But the question will still be whether he created the unity by chance or by design. Though he did not *start* with any general scheme in his head, he may have meant each successive work, as he went on, to be taken in connection with its predecessors, and so form a "unity" with them; or he may have thought nothing about it from first to last; but treated each story simply with reference to its capacity for making a good play.

discoverable in the writings of the same man, in whatever order they are taken. How else could we pretend to recognise a man's style in two different works, or reject portions of any single work as not bearing the mark of his hand? And if the inquiry were worth the time it would cost, I think I could undertake to produce from any two plays in the whole Shakspearian theatre points of resemblance as plausible as those which Mr. Furnivall produces to prove the contiguity in date of composition of any which for other reasons he believes to have been composed about the same time. A single example, by way of illustration, may perhaps be worth its time and space, because it will relieve us from the duty of spending any over the others.

Passing by the first four plays, in which the common subject of "the fickleness of love" (p. xxvii.) supplies (as might have been expected) many situations which bear a resemblance to each other; as well as *Richard II.* and *Romeo and Juliet*, between which Mr. Furnivall mentions only one link, though he says it is a strong one, "in the up-and-downness of the character, of *Richard II.* and *Romeo*" (p. xxxvii.)—meaning, I suppose, the variety of fortune, or perhaps the sensibility to changes of fortune, in the principal characters—let us take *King John* (p. xl.), which is linked on one side to *Richard III.*, on the other to the *Merchant of Venice*.

The links with *Richard III.*, which is supposed to have come next before it, are these. We find in both—

1. A cruel uncle planning the murder of a nephew who stood in his way.
2. A distracted mother.
3. A prophecy of ruin and a curse on the murderer, denounced and fulfilled.
4. A civil war.
5. A lesson of warning as to the danger of divisions.
6. An instrument tempted by subtle suggestions to undertake the murder.

7. A cynical avowal of an immoral purpose by a principal character (Faulconbridge in one proclaiming that gain shall be the object of his worship; Richard himself on the other declaring that he is determined to prove a villain.)

The links with the *Merchant of Venice*, which is supposed to have come next after, are these. We find in both—

1. An outbreak of parental passion. (Constance weeping for her son's murder in one; Shylock cursing his daughter for eloping with his ducats and jewels in the other.)
2. A plea for mercy to the helpless. (Prince Arthur in one pleading for mercy to himself; Portia, in the other, for mercy to Antonio.)
3. Prince Arthur's recollection of the young gentlemen in France affecting sadness for the fashion, "echoed" (says Mr. Furnivall) by Antonio in the first scene of the *Merchant of Venice*, and "repeated" in Portia and Jessica.

4. A young gentleman of high spirits and gay humour.

5. A struggle between two duties: in the *Lady Blanche*, between the claims of her husband and her uncle, which she shall pray for; in *Portia*, between pleasure in her husband's company and a sense of what is due to his honour; whether she shall keep him with her for her pleasure or let him go to save the life of his benefactor.

6. Losses by the action of water. King John's forces drowned in the Wash of Lincoln; Antonio's ship wrecked on the Goodwin Sands.

This seems a long list, and must have been the fruit of much pains in the search. But before we accept these "links" as evidence that the three plays were composed "nearly at the same time of Shakspeare's life," we must consider how many of them would have been sure to be found where they are, at whatever time of his life the plays were composed. Suppose Shakspeare to have written a play about Richard III. in his first period, and a play about King John in his last, other differences there would have been, of many kinds and much larger; but all the "links" here enumerated—or all but one—would have been there just the same. The cruel uncle, the murdered nephew, the distracted mother, the procurement of the murderer, the civil war, the lesson of warning, all these would certainly have been prominent features in both. Nor is it at all likely that either of the mothers would have forgotten to pray for evil to the murderer of her son, or to predict it. All these, therefore, we must set aside. They cannot prove anything as to date, because their presence does not depend upon the date. The solitary link remaining to be accounted for would be the cynical avowal of an immoral purpose by a principal character: which is in fact a "link disjunctive;" a "bond of contrast;" for when Richard avows that he is determined to prove a villain, he means what he says; when Faulconbridge proposes to make gain his object of worship, he means the very reverse.

The resemblance or contrast between these two passages is all, then, that remains to prove, or help to prove, that *King John* was written not long after *Richard III.* Let us now see what evidence we can obtain by the same process, that it was written not long before the *Merchant of Venice*: and let us begin, as before, by supposing that it was written as long before as possible;—that Shakspeare took the story of the reign of King John for the subject of a tragedy in his first period, and the story of the pound of flesh, as told by Ser Giovanni, for the subject of a comedy in his last; and see whether any of the "links" offer any resistance to such a supposition.

1. In both we find an outburst of parental passion. Constance distracted for the loss of her son, that was murdered, in the first; Shylock raging at the elopement of his daughter with his ducats and jewels (an incident not necessarily suggested by the story) in the last.

2. In both we find an eloquent pleading for mercy. Prince Arthur, in the first, endeavouring to persuade Hubert not to burn out his eyes; Portia, in the last, endeavouring to persuade Shylock not to cut his

forfeit out of Antonio. But in this case the coincidence was to be expected under any circumstances. In the original story which Shakspeare was dramatising, the Lady says to the Jew, "I must have you take the 100,000 ducats, and release this innocent man, who will always have a grateful sense of the favour done to him." Shakspeare was as unlikely, at any time of his life, to have omitted such an incident, or introduced it without some persuasive argument in behalf of mercy, as to have allowed Prince Arthur to submit to Hubert's hot irons without an attempt to move pity in him. The two plays would therefore have certainly had this feature in common, though they had been quite unconnected with each other; and this link must be set aside.

3. In both we find the recognition among human infirmities of a peculiar kind of *sadness*—sadness without apparent cause. And though I think that the introduction of this feature into the character of Antonio was a fact suggested by the behaviour of the Merchant in the original story, I cannot say that it was inevitable. But when Mr. Furnivall calls it an "echo" of the passage in Prince Arthur's speech to Hubert, he surely overlooks a difference so broad as to preclude all suspicion of any connection between them. The sadness alluded to in *King John* was not real sadness, but a fashionable affectation: the sadness of Antonio was a real depression of spirits, and quite out of fashion among the young gentlemen of Venice. And as for the "repetition of the same thought," that is, of the

Young gentlemen that could be sad as night
Only for wantonness;

first in Portia, when her "little body was weary of this great world" for a passing moment, and for the very substantial reason that it was placed in a very anxious and disagreeable position in it; and next in Jessica, whose sadness consisted in not being made merry by sweet music—if there is any connection between these several modes of sadness, what two conditions in humanity can be said to be unconnected?

4. In both we find a young gentleman of high spirits and gay humour. And it is true that there is no such character as Gratiano in the story from which the plot was taken. The question, therefore, which we have to consider is, whether the relation of Gratiano to Faulconbridge is close enough to prove them products of the same period.

5. In both we find a struggle between two duties. But Portia's struggle, such as it was (for it was really a struggle between her own pleasure and her husband's duty) was involved in the story. The Lady of Belmonte, the moment she heard of the case, desired her newly-married husband to set out immediately, and not stop till he arrived at Venice. Her dilemma therefore would have been found in the *Merchant of Venice*, if Shakspeare had never explained or heard of the Lady Blanche's.

6. In both are found losses by the action of water. But as the ruin of the Merchant in the old story is distinctly referred to the loss of ships

at sea, it is not necessary to inquire whether the wreck of one of them on the Goodwins is an incident so remarkably like the loss of King John's army in the Wash, that we should have been obliged otherwise to account for it by supposing that both must have been invented by Shakspeare "nearly at the same time of his life, and in the same mood."

This is all; and having now examined all the hooks and eyes which Mr. Furnivall has collected, let us ask what reason they would supply for dating the composition of *King John* between that of *Richard III.* and the *Merchant of Venice*, if the succession were otherwise uncertain? The answer must be that *King John* was probably written soon after *King Richard III.*, because in the last Richard says to himself—

And therefore since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

While in the other, Faulconbridge says to himself—

Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail
And say there is no sin but to be rich.
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee.

Or (to take Mr. Furnivall's own account of it) because "the Bastard's statement of his motives (!)—'Gain, be my lord,' &c., is like that of Richard the Third about his villainy."

On the other side, the *Merchant of Venice* must have been written soon after *King John* for two reasons.

1. Because as Constance in *King John* mourns for her murdered son, and will not be comforted though she should meet him in heaven, if he rose without the native beauty on his cheek, so Shylock in the *Merchant* mourns for the loss of the jewels and ducats which his daughter had run away with, and will not be comforted—unless they are brought back, though it be in her coffin.

2. Because Gratiano, in the *Merchant of Venice* "may be compared" with Faulconbridge in *King John*; being both young men of humour and animal spirits, though in all other respects as different as two men could be.

Now as there is reason to believe that these three plays were actually composed in this order, and within a few years of each other, and such link-evidence as can be counted on must therefore certainly be there, they ought to show the hook-and-eye test to advantage. But if this is a fair sample of the help it would have given had the case been doubtful, it is clear that it cannot be trusted for a guide.

For the order of succession, therefore, we must appeal to more trustworthy tests; which are not altogether wanting. Having ascertained the order, we come upon the question as to the relation of the successive

plays to each other; were they meant to be regarded as parts of a whole, "each a member of one created unity"? A *created* unity means, I suppose, a unity resulting from a conscious design, formed in the beginning and carried out consistently to the end; such a unity in all the parts together as we recognise in each part taken separately. But though Mr. Furnivall claims for them a unity of this kind, he has not attempted to trace it in detail, or to show how the pieces are to be put together; and as I cannot myself invent any hypothesis upon which it can be made to seem probable that Shakspeare meant them to combine into a complete whole, I must wait till somebody else propounds one. The unity which Mr. Furnivall practically recognises in the whole body of Shakspeare's works is of a different nature. He thinks that each play, poem, song, and sonnet, represents the condition of his own soul when he wrote it; and therefore that the whole series, taken in the right order, must contain a true history of the growth and progress of Shakspeare's soul; "his own pervading temper of mind, *as man as well as artist*, in the succeeding stages of his life." *

Now as there is no doubt that a man's prevailing temper of mind varies with his age, cultivation, and knowledge, it is reasonable to suppose that a corresponding change will be traceable in the *works* of his mind, and that each will throw light upon the other. If, on the one hand, we knew what sort of changes Shakspeare's prevailing temper of mind went through in the succeeding stages of his life, we could partly determine from the prevailing temper of his works to which stage each belonged. If, on the other hand, we knew at what stage of his life each work was produced, we could partly determine what the prevailing temper of his mind was at each stage. The difficulty in Shakspeare's case is, that we have so few data for either. Of the particulars of his life in its several stages we know hardly anything. Of the dates at which his several plays were composed, and even of the order in which they succeeded each other, we know little for certain. The problem, therefore, which they present is analogous to that of arranging a bundle of letters written by the same hand at different times, of which many are undated. And the method of solution is the same. When I have first arranged in order those letters which are dated, I probably find a progressive change in the character of the handwriting; and by observing the stage in that progressive change to which the handwriting of each undated letter appears to correspond, I determine, with more or less accuracy and confidence, its place in the series. So with regard to the order of Shakspeare's plays. Beginning with those of which we know the date upon external evidence, I observe in them a change of style indicating a natural progress, and I infer the date of the composition of those concerning which I have no external evidence from the stage in that progress to which the style corresponds. Placing them accordingly,

and going through the series, I find that the changes follow a kind of law, corresponding to the changes in a man's tastes, moral and intellectual, which ordinarily and naturally take place as he grows older; and as the continuous changes in a man's growth are roughly divided into certain periods, the continuous succession of his productions may be divided into corresponding groups. In early youth the affections are commonly divided between farce and deep tragedy. As the mind expands and ripens, the broader humours of farce and the simpler horrors of tragedy lose their attraction, and give place to the richer, chaster, and more delicate humours of high comedy, and the deeper mysteries of tragic passion. As advancing years cool the blood, and decreasing activity makes the pleasures of a quiet life more attractive than those of a stirring one, it is probable that the taste will incline to the calmer and more soothing kind of pathos, in which the feeling is too profound and tender for what is called comedy, and yet the final impression is too peaceful for what is called tragedy. Tastes so changing would no doubt induce changes both in the choice of subjects and the treatment of them; and if we take Shakspeare's plays in the order of their dates, as determined upon independent grounds, we shall find that the differences in choice and treatment suit very naturally with the natural changes in a man's mind as he grows older, and that the whole series divides very well into four groups. Between twenty-four and thirty he had a young man's tastes, both in the light and the heavy line—a taste for merriment, and absurdity, and ingenious conceits, and slang and loose jests in the light line; and for love, in the "sighing-like-furnace" and bowl-and-dagger stage, in the serious. After thirty he lost his relish for these puerilities, aimed at a higher order of wit and humour in comedy, and a higher moral standard altogether; while for the true elements of human tragedy he turned to history. Five or six years of such work led him upwards into a still higher region. In comedy, though the vein was as rich as ever, and as full of enjoyment, yet the pathetic element springing from the tender and serious feeling with which he had come to regard all human things, became more and more predominant, and so prevailed over the other in the general effect, that his later works which end happily are hardly to be called comedies. I suppose nobody ever thought of *Measure for Measure* as a comedy, though everybody in it except Lucio is happily disposed of, and the effect of *his* sentence is rather comic than otherwise. *All's Well* is allied to tragedy rather than comedy, by the pity and serious interest with which we follow the fortunes of the heroine; and *Twelfth Night*, in spite of the number and perfection of the comic scenes, and the wonderful liveliness and rapidity and variety of incident and action, is nevertheless to me one of the most pathetic plays I know, and would draw tears far sooner than *Romeo and Juliet*. Shakspeare may be said, therefore, to have taken leave of comedy proper in the *Merry Wives*, and to have grown out of it before he was forty years old. In the meantime his exercises in tragedy proper had led him into the region of the

great passions which disclose the heights and depths of humanity—a region which was destined to become and remain his own. These passions—for the benefit of the theatre, the glory of Burbage, the amusement and instruction of the playgoing public, and partly it may be for the satisfaction and relief of his own genius—he brought (by means of such stories as he could find, suitable for showing them in action) upon the stage. And to this we owe *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Lear*, and the rest, which occupied what Mr. Furnivall calls “the unhappy Third Period.” The fourth group follows naturally enough. He was forty-four years old; he had made money enough; he had retired from business; he had passed the period when the mind takes pleasure in violent agitations; and he employed himself upon such subjects as suited—or treated such subjects as he found so as to make them suit—the autumnal days; witness the *Winter’s Tale* and the *Tempest*.

Classing his plays according to their general character, I find that they fall naturally into these broad divisions, and that they have a kind of correspondence with the divisions which are observable in the life of man. And if Mr. Furnivall had been content to rest upon this, and apply himself to discover the progressive conditions of Shakspeare’s mind in the manner in which he treated the subjects which he successively took in hand, he would have been profitably employed. But when he proceeds to separate these broad natural divisions into subordinate groups, according to the particular feature which happens to be prominent in each play—to seek in the temper, tone, character, or subject of each for a correspondence with some presumed condition of Shakspeare’s mind, induced by some personal experience at some particular time—he has no longer any substantial ground to go upon. The distinguishing feature of each would depend upon many things besides the writer’s state of mind. It would depend upon the story which he had to tell; while the choice of the story would depend upon the requirements of the theatre, the taste of the public, the popularity of the different actors, the strength of the company. A new part might be wanted for Burbage or Kempa. The two boys that acted *Hermia* and *Helena*—the tall and the short one—or the two men who were so like that they might be mistaken for each other, might want new pieces to appear in (which last would be a probable and sufficient explanation of the production about the same time of two or three plays the humour of which turns upon such mistakes—Mr. Furnivall’s “mistaken-identity group”), and so on. The stories would be selected from such as were to be had (and had not been used up) to suit the taste of the frequenters of the theatre, and the characters and incidents would be according to the stories.

When Shakspeare created or perfected the part of *Petruchio*, we need not suppose that he was describing the way he would have set about the taming of a shrew himself, or that he would have recommended it to a friend as the best. But if he had preferred to tame her after the fashion of Tennyson’s *Princess* in his *Midsummer-Day’s tale*, he would

have had to tell a different story, much too sentimental for the taste of a Bishopsgate audience. The real Petruchio's was one way of doing it, and made a livelier entertainment, with a sufficiently good moral—from which the Katharines at any rate might profit, even if the Petruchios received too much encouragement.

Still less, when he describes the great abnormal conditions of humanity which are the soul of tragedy,—the restless and relentless ambition, without pity, love, or fear, of Richard; the fiendish malignity of Iago; the struggle of the better nature and triumph of the worse in Macbeth; the desecration of all the sanctities of humanity in Regan and Goneril; the shameless disloyalty and barbarity of Edmund; the blind and savage jealousy of Othello, Leontes, and Posthumus; or the conversion in Timon of an indiscriminate love of all mankind into as indiscriminating a hatred, by the unexpected discovery that some of them could be ungrateful;—need we suppose that he is describing conditions which he had himself experienced in the flesh. Every man who ever read a newspaper or a novel must be conscious of *some* power of imagining a situation, an emotion, a condition of hope, fear, or desire, of which he has had no personal experience. This power—"the *shaping* spirit of imagination"—the power of turning to shapes the forms of things unknown, as imagination bodies them forth—has always been thought to be the special gift of poets as distinguished from other men, and of Shakspeare as distinguished from other poets. "His fine sense and knowledge of the soul," says Hartley Coleridge, "*which his imagination extended to all conceivable cases and circumstances, informed him,*" &c.* Mr. Furnivall, however, not believing in the existence of any such faculty, lays it down as a foundation for the study of Shakspeare's life and character that whatever he describes vividly he must be supposed to have experienced personally. "As to the question how far we are justified in assuming that Shakspeare put his own feelings—himself—into his own plays, some men," he says, "scorn the notion; ask you triumphantly which of his characters represent him, assert that he himself is in none of them, but sits apart, serene, unruffled himself by earthly passion, making his puppets move. *I believe, on the contrary, that all the deepest and greatest work of an artist—playwright, orator, painter, poet, &c.—is based on personal experience, on his own emotions and passions, and not merely on his observation of things or feelings outside him, on which his fancy and imagination work. . . . I find that Milton's Satan has Milton's noble nature perverted—is no devil, &c.; but that Dante can paint hell, because he has felt it. Shakspeare tells me he has felt hell: and in his Othello, Macbeth, Lear, Coriolanus, Timon, I see the evidence of his having done so I see him laying bare his own soul as he strips the covering off other men's He himself, his own nature and life,*

* *Essays*, i, 146.

are in all his plays, to the man who has eyes, and chooses to look for him and them there." *

Now, if this means no more than that Shakspeare derived his knowledge of what was in man from his knowledge of what was in himself; that he knew what another man might, under conceivable conditions, do, from consciousness of what he himself, under conceivable conditions, might be *tempted* to do, my only objection to it is that it tells me nothing to the purpose. It tells me that his nature was capable of what is possible in humanity, whether to do or to refrain from doing, and that he knew what it was capable of; it does not tell me what he did and what he refrained from at any particular time; but only that at the time when each play was composed he was in a condition to *imagine* the passions which were represented in it. But when Mr. Furnivall asserts that he sees in Othello, Macbeth, Lear, Coriolanus, and Timon, evidence that Shakspeare had "felt hell," he must be supposed to mean something more than this. He must mean that Shakspeare had himself been *subject* to the passions which are represented there. And when he proceeds to assume that this personal experience of hell coincided *in time* with the composition of that group of plays—that he had passed *at that time* from "the abounding, the overflowing happy life" of the Second Period into "the bitterness, the world-weariness, of this terrible Third Period," a temper which made him "see God as a blind and furious fate, cutting men off in their sins, involving the innocent with the guilty"—and then demands "whether this *change* was one of artist only or one of man too;" we must suppose him to mean that this infernal experience was a condition necessary *then and there* for the composition of those plays; for if it had been enough to have *once* "felt hell," there could have been no reason for inferring that he was more in hell between forty and forty-five than at any earlier period of his life. It would seem, therefore, according to Mr. Furnivall, that wherever we find in any of his plays a "deep and great" representation of a bad state of mind, we may conclude that he was at that time *in* that state of mind himself. But here I meet a difficulty. As the same must for the same reason be

* P. cxx. By this passage I understood Mr. Furnivall to mean that Shakspeare's imaginative power was *limited* by his personal experiences. He explains his true meaning in the following note:—"This is news to me. I was, and am, under the impression, 1st, that I believed and believe Shakspeare to possess higher imagination than any other mind I have ever come across, and that it has stirred and lifted me more than anything else in the world; 2nd, that I had written of Shakspeare's varied powers (p. cxv.) as 'the agents of that imagination which made him the greatest poet of the world' (p. cxvi.). I intend to keep up these delusions. I still believe that the *greatest* work of every great artist is 'based on' what he has felt himself. But as for saying that this 'based on' is equivalent to 'limited to,' so that Shakspeare could produce no 'great and deep' work unless it represented his own experience, I never have said it and I never meant to say it."—F. J. F. So I should have supposed: but if so, where in *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Coriolanus*, or *Timon*, is the evidence that he had "felt hell?"

true with regard to his "deep and great" representations of other states of mind, what are we to do when we find good and bad states of mind delineated with equal depth and greatness in the same play? How shall we escape the conclusion that he was himself *at the same time* in a good state of mind? To represent Isabella to the life must have required quite as much personal experience as to represent Claudio; but such experience must have been obtained in the other place; and though it is easy to understand how he may have *imagined* both at the same time, I do not see how he can in any other sense have *been* both.

In order, therefore, to determine by this method the condition of his soul when he was writing *Measure for Measure*, it is important to know which of these two characters is to be taken as that into which he was "putting his own feelings—himself." But Mr. Furnivall does not attempt to explain by what process we are to discover this. I should myself have looked for it in the character that he most approved and was most in sympathy with, and found it therefore in Isabella. Mr. Furnivall finds it in Claudio, whom he promotes (on what ground I cannot divine, unless it be that it supplied him with a "link") into the hero of the play.* And as there is hardly one of the series without half a dozen prominent characters, all like life and unlike each other—if we may choose which we please for the representative of Shakspeare's "prevailing temper of mind," as a man, for the time being, it is plain that we may make of him whatever we like. The principal character is not necessarily the one with which he is most in sympathy. Horatio in *Hamlet*, Banquo in *Macbeth*, Cordelia, Kent, and Edgar in *Lear*, the steward in *Timon*, Menenius in *Coriolanus*, are the persons who say and do what he most approves in each of those plays. And if it be asked why he should have chosen for a hero a man whose sayings and doings he did not altogether approve, it seems hardly necessary to answer that perhaps he wished to show what came of them.

That we may and do judge which character he is most in sympathy with by some other test than a preconceived opinion as to his own, is proved by the many cases in which we feel surprised at his apparent insensibility to faults which we should have thought most likely to offend him. But though to a disengaged mind the indications of sympathy are mostly clear enough, they may become invisible under the light of a strong prepossession: and I suspect that it was not either in the choice or in the handling of his dramatic subjects that Mr. Furnivall *discovered* the history of Shakspeare's "nature and life" as a man. He found it in them afterwards; but when he "chose to look for him and them

* "The centre of *Measure for Measure* is the scene of Isabella with Claudio in the prison, where his unfit nature fails under the burden of coming death laid upon him" (p. lxxv). "*Julius Caesar*, *Hamlet*, and *Measure for Measure* are most closely allied by the unfitness of Brutus, Hamlet, and Claudio to bear the burden put on them" (p. cxx).

there," I suspect that he knew quite well what he wanted to find.* His account (pp. xl.-lxiii.) of "the abounding, the overflowing happy life" of "the delightful Second Period" is separated from "the bitterness, the world-weariness of the terrible Third Period" by an account (pp. lxiv.-lxvii.) of the Sonnets.

"The great question is," he says, "do Shakspeare's Sonnets speak his own heart and thoughts or not? And were it not for the fact that many critics really deserving the name of Shakspeare students, and not Shakspeare fools, have held the Sonnets to be merely dramatic, I could not have conceived that poems so intensely and evidently autobiographic and self-revealing—poems so one with the spirit and inner meaning of Shakspeare's growth and life could ever have been conceived to be other than what they are, the records of his own loves and fears."

Assuming that they contain a record of his own story, he finds in them these facts which follow :

1. He was passionately attached to a beautiful youth, whose Christian name, Mr. Furnivall says, was "Will" (inferring the fact from what seems to me the misinterpretation of a pun, in a sonnet distinguished by the absence of every quality characteristic of Shakspeare), and his surname unknown.

2. He was anxious that this youth should marry, in order that his beauty might not die with him.

3. Having on some occasion to leave London, he was parted from him for a while.

4. While he was away his friend committed some "sensual fault," for which he blamed, but forgave him.

5. He himself committed a fault, the nature of which does not appear, further than that it was one that would "separate" them.

6. He had a "swarthy mistress," whom his friend "took away" from him.

7. His friend being called away somewhither, they were parted a second time; and he now grew jealous, on account of supposed rivals.

8. He grew tired of the world, because his friend "had mixed with bad company." Yet he excused him.

9. Finding his most formidable rival to be a poet, he prepared to take a final leave of his friend.

10. He was troubled because his friend became "vicious."

11. A third period of absence followed, during which they "com-

* "Indeed, I did not come with *any* theory to Shakspeare. I *did* look to find Shakspeare in his works, but had no idea what kind of man I should find there. I honestly asked the plays what Shakspeare was, and honestly set down their answer as I heard it."—*F. J. F.* [I hope I have said nothing which implies any doubt on this point. But did Mr. Furnivall ask the question and hear the answer, concerning Shakspeare's state of mind during the Third Period (*etat.* 40-45), before he read the Sonnets?]

mitted faults on both sides," and separated; but upon the friend's motion made it up again.

12. During the last term of separation, he had been so much "shaken" by his friend's "unkindness," that he told him "he had passed a hell of time."

13. This friendship, with these vicissitudes, had now lasted three years, and the renewal of love which took place at the beginning of the fourth was expected to make it firmer than ever, and is supposed by Mr. Furnivall to have held good for a long time—his reason being that some of the Sonnets are so difficult to construe that they cannot have been composed before the Third Period. But all we know about it is that the first group concludes, soon after the reconciliation, with Shakspeare "excusing himself for giving away his friend's present of some tables," "again describing his love for him," and "warning him that he too must grow old." *

This first group, which has a kind of continuity and coherency that gives it the appearance of being meant for one poem, closes with the 126th Sonnet. The remaining twenty-seven have neither coherency nor consistency, nor (with two or three exceptions) anything which I should take for real passion. For anything I can see, they may be a miscellaneous collection, picked up anywhere, put together anyhow, suggested by different occasions, addressed to different persons, the work of different hands. Mr. Furnivall, however, accepts them as a second group, addressed by Shakspeare to his "swarthy mistress," and containing a faithful record of his relation to her: a very strange one for any man to celebrate in a series of sonnets, whether for his own pleasure or hers, even if they were meant to go no further—stranger still, if meant for posterity; for they merely describe a passion discreditable to both parties—a passion, felt to be senseless and sinful, for an object known and proclaimed to be unworthy—a passion which his own Thersites would have had great pleasure in describing truly. But one or two of them seem to carry an allusion to an incident shadowed forth in the first group, that of his friend having been a favoured rival; and as the word "hell" occurs in them more than once, the great biographical fact that Shakspeare had "felt hell," and thereby qualified himself to write *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Coriolanus*, and *Timon*, is considered to be established. "I always ask," says Mr. Furnivall, "that the sonnets should be read between the Second and Third Periods; for the 'hell of time' of which they speak is the best preparation for the temper of that Third Period, and enables us to understand it. The fierce and stern decree of that period seems to me to be, 'There shall be vengeance, death, for misjudgment, failure in duty, self-indulgence, sin,' and the innocent who belong to the guilty shall suffer with them: Portia, Ophelia, Desdemona, Cordelia, lie beside Brutus, Hamlet, Othello, Lear." †

* I quote from Mr. Furnivall's own analysis of the contents of the Sonnets considered as records of facts in Shakspeare's personal history.

† P. lxvii.

Now if the temper of the Third Period has to be explained by the personal experiences spoken of in the Sonnets, we must suppose that it depended upon, and therefore could not have existed before, those experiences; and, as Mr. Furnivall asks us to read the Sonnets *after the Second Period*, it seems to follow that, according to his view, none of the effects which he attributes to that temper should be found in the plays which were produced *before the Third*. How, then, are we to explain the temper implied in *Romeo and Juliet*, in *King Richard III.*, and in *King John*? He supposes *Romeo and Juliet* to have been written between 1591 and 1593, *Richard III.* in 1594, *King John* in 1595. His Third Period begins in 1601. If, then, the experience acquired and the temper generated during the period of his friend's "unkindness" (which by Mr. Furnivall's reckoning cannot be dated before 1595)—the period when he "felt hell"—was a pre-requisite for the composition of tragedies in which vengeance and death, indiscriminately inflicted on the guilty and the innocent, was represented as the inevitable consequence of human error and crime, Shakspeare—"the man"—must have had it before he wrote those three plays; for it will not be disputed that vengeance and death are inflicted indiscriminately enough in all of them; and yet, if so, it must have been compatible with the happier and healthier temper to which we owe the "sunny or sweet-time comedies"* of the "delightful Second Period," which, according to Mr. Furnivall, came—in point of time—after. He must, therefore, have been capable either of having that temper without having had that taste of hell, or of having had that taste without continuing in that temper; and either way we escape the necessity of supposing that the great creations of his Third Period were the offspring of a soul degraded and demoralised—"built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark."

Nor is there any difficulty in accounting for them otherwise. If Mr. Furnivall could have been content with his four groups, answering generally to the four natural stages of human life, he would have seen that that phase in the progressive work of the imagination came in the natural order of things. Those early experiments in the delineation of tragic passion had made Shakspeare acquainted with the capabilities of that department of his art, and also with its difficulties and defects as then practised. He found out how to overcome the difficulties and do more justice to the capabilities, and looked about for subjects to try it on. Fit subjects for tragedy of course involved errors, failures, crimes, sins, vengeance, and death; for if everything had been sweet, and sunny, and delightful, the elements of tragedy would have been wanting. He found them both in real history and in poetic tradition, and he treated them according to their kind. But Mr. Furnivall is not satisfied with so commonplace an account of so simple a matter. He must separate these natural divisions into subordinate groups of two or three, by pick-

* P. vii.

ing out some common peculiarity and referring it to some corresponding peculiarity in Shakspeare's own inward or outward life, which he first imagines and then offers in confirmation. He supposes him, for instance, to have laboured at one time under a sense of inability to do some duty that was laid upon him. The "mood" induced by this experience determined him to choose for his hero Brutus, upon whom was laid "the burden of setting right the time," under which he, being "unfit" to bear it—together with his wife, who "shared the strain of that burden on him"—"died, self-slaughtered." *

The same mood continuing, suggested for his next hero Hamlet, upon whom also is laid "the burden of setting right the times out of joint;" who also "knows himself unfit" for it, and who, "in bearing it, brings death to himself and the woman who loved him—her mind giving way under the strain;" and the way in which he "brought death to himself" points the moral of the lesson. Hearing that he has not half an hour to live in the course of nature, he "at last does sweep to his revenge, and sends his father's murderer to hell." This "involved the doing of his duty; under the burden of that his unfit nature sank." † It was the moral effort, not the poison on the foil, that killed him.

Requiring still another instance to satisfy the demands of this mood, he chose a more ordinary man overpowered by a more ordinary burden. Claudio, in *Measure for Measure*, is condemned to lose his head. His "unfit nature" shrinks from the apprehension of death: he proposes a shameful surrender; and though he repents immediately, and declares himself "so out of love with life that he will sue to be rid of it;" and shortly after receives the warrant for his death with manly composure (Act iv. sc. 2), and escapes the inevitable penalty after all, he stands for the third and last representative of this infirmity, and winds up the trilogy, which is to be called "The unfit-nature or under-burden-failing group"; ‡ the moral of which appears to be, that the best man should not attempt to set the time right, unless he is sure to succeed and not perish in the attempt;—that a son should not allow himself to be persuaded by his father's ghost that it is his duty to kill his uncle, unless he can trust himself to do it without scruple;—and that an ordinary man should not commit a capital offence unless his nature is fit to bear the burden of the duty of undergoing capital punishment.

But the liability of human nature to fail under burdens which it is not strong enough to bear was not all that Shakspeare learned in that unhappy time. He learned also that it was liable to yield to temptation: and to this discovery we owe *Othello* and *Macbeth*. Othello suffered himself to be tempted by Iago to think that it was his duty to kill his wife. Macbeth suffered himself to be tempted by the witches to believe that he was fated to be king. And the "vengeance of death" falls on

* P. lxxviii.

† P. lxxiv.

‡ P. lxxxv.

both. What particular experience enabled Shakspeare to describe those forms of temptation we are not informed, no confession of the kind being quoted from the Sonnets. But these two plays are to be called "The Tempter-yielding group."

Another discovery of the same period was the prevalence or the possibility of ingratitude in human nature, and the violence of the resentment it provokes in those who suffer from it. By what personal experience Shakspeare qualified himself to exhibit these phenomena, we are again left to find out or conjecture for ourselves. The worst ingratitude which he complains of in the Sonnets is that of his "swarthy mistress," in not being more faithful and loving to one who loves her so much in spite of her unworthiness and unattractiveness; and the strongest expression of resentment is contained in the terms of the complaint. But by some means or other he was oppressed (it seems) about this time with a sense of the wickedness of ingratitude and the mischief which it caused; and this induced the mood which manifested itself in the composition of two "Ingratitude and Cursing groups"; the first consisting of the single tragedy of *King Lear*, the second of *Coriolanus* and *Timon of Athens*; these two groups being, however, separated from each other by *Troilus and Cressida* and *Antony and Cleopatra*—the "Lust and False-Love group"—his qualification for which he owed no doubt to the swarthy mistress.

These complete "the terrible Third Period lesson"—that "for misjudgment, unreasoning jealousy, crime,—death is the penalty; no time for repentance is allowed; the innocent must suffer with the guilty." "Look," says Mr. Furnivall, "at Cæsar, Brutus, and the noble Portia, dead: Hamlet and Ophelia dead too: likewise Othello, Desdemona, and Emilia; Macbeth and his wife, Banquo, Macduff's wife and her little ones, Lear, Cordelia, and eyeless Gloucester, beside Regan, Goneril, Cornwall, Edmund, Hector's gory corpse, Antony self-slain, Cleopatra too, Coriolanus murdered, Timon miserably dead. Think of the temper in which Shakspeare held the scourge of the avenger in his hand, in which he felt the baseness, calumny, and injustice of the world around him, in which he saw as it were the heavens as iron above him, and God as a blind and furious fate," * &c. "Compare for a minute your memories," &c.; "and then decide for yourselves whether *this change in Shakspeare* was one of artist only, or, as I believe, one of man too: and whether many of the Sonnets do not help you to *explain it* with that 'hell of time' through which their writer past:

For if you were by my unkindness shaken
As I by yours, you have passed a *hell of time*."

To the obvious question whether Mr. Furnivall ever took the trouble to count up the deaths, with the manner of them, in any nine tragedies by any writer or writers whatever,—to mark the proportions of the in-

nocent and the guilty,—and then compare that list with this—he prepares us in a note for what he has to say in reply. “*I do not admit as a sufficient reason that which of course rises in one’s mind—that the change from Comedy to Tragedy, and then to Romantic Drama, involved this change of tone and temper, independent of the author’s own moods. I feel that Shakspeare’s change of subject in his different periods was made because it suited his moods—the different ways in which on the whole, from Period to Period, he looked on the world.*” When a man *feels* that a thing is so, without being able to give his neighbour a reason for thinking that it is so, there is no more to be said. But in this case I think he must also feel that, though the change may have been really due to a change in Shakspeare’s own temper, induced by his own personal experiences, yet *without* any such experiences or any such alteration of temper, the same change would certainly have occurred, if for *any* reason it had suited him to write tragedies instead of comedies. The notion that the “mood” of that dark period compelled him to choose subjects through which he could “wield the scourge of the avenger” is the more remarkable when we observe that two of the ten—*Measure for Measure* and *Troilus and Cressida*—supply occasions for the use of it both numerous and inviting; and yet it is either not applied or misapplied. In *Measure for Measure* there is plenty of “misjudgment, failure in duty, self-indulgence, sin,” yet it contributes no instance of “vengeance and death” to swell Mr. Furnivall’s list. In *Troilus and Cressida* the scourge passes by Cressida, Pandarus, Diomed, and Troilus, and falls on the man who least deserved it. It seems, therefore, that in the very depth of the dark period it suited Shakspeare’s “mood, and the way in which, on the whole, he looked on the world,” to choose for his subject, on two several occasions, a story that was not to end with the death of the principal characters, and in which, *therefore*, “the terrible Third Period lesson” could not be taught. To me, the indulgence shown to the guilty in *Measure for Measure*—an indulgence worthy of the Fourth Period, when “the God of forgiveness and reconciliation has taken the avenger’s place,” and seeks “repentance, not vengeance” (p. lxxxvii)—is sufficiently explained by the fact that the story which he was dramatising ends with marriages instead of deaths; and the imperfect execution of poetical justice in *Troilus and Cressida* by the fact that he had no authority for killing (during the time allotted to the action) any of the company except Hector.

Whether the circumstances hinted in the Sonnets are to be taken for incidents in Shakspeare’s own life, is a question interesting as regards him, but not as regards the matter under discussion; for I do not find that any of them, or all together, help at all to explain how he came by the power, the temper, or the insight which are shown in his productions of the Third Period. Assume them to be biographical, and consider how much they imply. Suppose it true that, for the space of three years at least, he was possessed by a passionate friendship for a beautiful youth;

that during those years he suffered the usual penalties of such a passion—jealousies, misunderstandings, unkindnesses, expostulations, quarrels, partings, and reconciliations; that he was often very unhappy in consequence; that he had at the same time fallen into another passion of a more earthly kind, an irrepressible affection or appetite for a woman whom he felt to be neither beautiful, nor good, nor true, nor attractive, yet who had some indescribable power over both himself and his friend, and that one of their quarrels was about her; lastly, that from the world at large he had met with disgraces, injuries, and disgusts, and having little respect for it, found it often very tiresome. Take all this for prosaic fact, judicially established by his own confession, and consider how far such experiences as these would go to furnish a man whose imagination could not travel beyond the range of *his own* experience (which being, according to Mr. Furnivall, the case of all great artists, we must suppose to have been eminently the case of Shakspeare) with insight into the souls of Brutus, Hamlet, Claudio, Othello, Macbeth, Lear and his daughters, Mark Antony, Cleopatra, Coriolanus, and Timon. For Angelo, Troilus, Cressida, and Mark Antony, they might perhaps (if the author of *Venus and Adonis* and the *Rape of Lucrece* can be supposed to have stood in need of instruction to qualify him for the "False Love or Passion group") have furnished hints: but the mysteries of passion in the others lie surely far beyond the sphere not only of any experiences indicated in the Sonnets, but of any *personal* experiences that he can be supposed to have had anywhere or at any time. To imagine him exhibiting men and women under conditions which he had not proved by trial is, according to Mr. Furnivall, to degrade him into the master of a puppet-show.* To me, on the contrary, it seems certain that he could not have exhibited those conditions as he has done while he was himself subject to them; and that whatever perturbations his spirit may have gone through, it had risen above them before he wrote his great tragedies, into—

The brightest heaven of invention,

from which he could look down with pity upon all the disorders of mankind.

J. S.

* See p. cxx. "Some men . . . assert . . . that he sits apart, serene, unruffled himself by earthly passion, making *his puppets* move."

English Sculpture in 1880.

It would seem as though comparatively few people had observed that the general revival of the arts amongst us has extended to the domain of sculpture. In the face of an annual exhibition, gradually but surely increasing in merit year by year, we are constantly confronted by the dictum that sculpture is dead in England. It is not a new complaint, it marks no studied conviction on the part of the public, it is merely one of the time-honoured commonplaces of newspaper criticism. It was never expressed more loudly than a hundred years ago, when Bacon and Nollekens were founding our national sculpture with their robust and original work; it was sounded a generation later in the ears of Flaxman, it greeted Alfred Stevens in his solitude, and Foley in the circle of his disciples. Whenever English sculpture has breathed strongly after one of its periodical trances, whenever it has stretched a limb or fluttered a pulse, criticism has hastened to assure it that it is as dead as a door-nail, and should permit itself to be borne decently and swiftly to the tomb. Thus encouraged, it is not wonderful that it fails to gain strength, or to throw off the sluggishness consistent with so complete a hypochondria. Since everyone busily informs him that he is dead, the courteous invalid can do no less than close his eyes and compose his limbs, and be as comatose as possible. Sculpture is not dead in England, let us distinctly say; but whose is the fault if it appear to be so?

The fault would seem to lie with three responsible bodies, each charged with the duty of observing and encouraging contemporary art—the public, the critics, the Royal Academy. Each of these can hardly be acquitted of a determined neglect of the interests of sculpture, and each has had a reflex influence in prejudicing the other two. The body of which artists complain the most, and which has, in fact, less fault in this particular case than any other, is the Royal Academy. The painters do not depend wholly upon the annual show at Burlington House; it is but the largest and most important of a variety of exhibitions at which, throughout the year, the public is invited to observe their productions. Some of the most celebrated painters of our day have never exhibited at the Royal Academy, and have successfully summoned their admirers around them at other galleries. But the sculptor has no public audience except at Burlington House, and the critic who desires to follow the progress of sculpture in England has no means of doing so except by a careful study, year after year, of the three rooms devoted to that art at the Academy, which becomes, in this way, the sole medium between the

public and the sculptor. With all their faults, it cannot be said that the Academicians have ever denied the dignity of this particular art. They have given it a measure of encouragement in their schools, they have admitted its followers to a fair share of the honours of their foundation, and, above all, whatever resistance has been made to the endowment of false and meretricious popular work, has been made by the Academy. Where a just complaint may be brought against the Council, is in the matter of the space allotted to the works in sculpture year by year. When the Academy first arrived in Burlington House, so few works in this branch of art were exhibited that the three rooms, or rather two rooms and a half, were by no means unduly crowded. At present, on the contrary, the crush is very great, and most injurious to the effect of each individual statue, which, drawn so close as it is to two uncongenial neighbours, is apt to lose much of the harmony of its proportions. The whole principle upon which works of sculpture are now arranged at the Academy is injudicious. The long, flat line of busts set close to one another on a ledge half-way up a blank wall, is one of the most uncomely features of the whole exhibition, and the arrangement by which weary visitors are encouraged to sit and rest with their backs to the principal statues in the Central Hall, must surely be the grim pleasantry of some elderly painter of past times. A few ottomans cosily arranged *dos-à-dos* with Sir Frederick Leighton's nymphs, and a sofa wheeled up against Mr. Poynter's "*Æsculapius*," would form the best possible comment on the present manner of treating sculpture in the Academy. Everyone remarks the ease and comfort with which sculpture is seen in the garden of the Salon, and may ask why the Royal Academy is unable to contrive something more creditable to its fine rooms than the present array of "wall-flowers" in marble.

But if the Royal Academy has failed to do justice to sculpture, contemporary criticism has been still more neglectful. There are not a few writers amongst us at the present time who have given to the history and practice of painting that exact and sympathetic study which makes a critical survey of an exhibition a fine intellectual exercise. It was never so little admissible as it now is to treat a collection of paintings by a merely personal and accidental standard, approving of the intention of this and the subject of that, and making the individuality of the visitor the final canon of taste. We have by no means escaped from criticism of this helpless kind, but it is much that we possess several accredited critics of painting who set their faces against such a treatment of art, and who have introduced with prestige a mode more exact and scientific. But none of these writers seem to have been drawn to the study of contemporary sculpture, and we meet, in the best reviews, with a most judicious survey of the painting of the year side by side with a short paragraph on sculpture, composed in the old haphazard fashion of twenty years ago. We submit that before the critics condemn with contempt the whole production of a country, they should give themselves the

trouble to examine with some little care the works exhibited. The connoisseur who shows in one paragraph that he has not mastered the elementary principles of the practice of bas-relief, gives occasion to the sculptor to blaspheme when, in the next, he is pleasantly reminded of Luca della Robbia by the most slovenly work of the year. Sculpture is an art the technical character of which is less easily observed than that of painting, and the eye of a critic who has a fine natural taste for art may very easily be deceived if he trusts to that alone, without any practical study. Without doubt, our accomplished art-critics will readily acknowledge this, and consent to give to sculpture that special attention which would render their criticism equally beneficial to the artist and to the public. At present, it must frankly be said that what is written in our newspapers about the art is simply void to the one and misleading to the other.

A more general suffusion of critical knowledge would preserve the public also from many errors of judgment and selection. Sculpture ought to be the most popular of all the arts. It appeals to the eye of the spectator even more directly than architecture itself; it does not require to be visited, in a gallery, like painting, but it stands before the workman as he goes to his daily labour; its form approaches nearer to reality than a picture does, and it has a meaning from every point of view, not from one only. Yet so true is it that we need to be taught to see the most obvious features of the world around us, that ninety-nine people out of a hundred will pass a statue without observation, when a picture, being a work of art which they have been taught to understand, will catch their attention at once, notwithstanding its far more artificial qualities. The very simplicity and monochromatic character of sculpture, so far from assisting an untaught eye, seem to confound and perplex it. In France, the only modern country where sculpture can really be said to flourish, the public is very likely equally indifferent to the niceties of the art, but the misfortunes from which we suffer in England are prevented by the copious patronage of the State. Every year the French Government gives large commissions to the best sculptors, and by this means the art is enabled to exist in prosperity without being at the mercy of popular taste. But it is not likely, or perhaps desirable, that this system should ever largely prevail in England, although the few occasions in which the State has patronised sculpture have been singularly beneficial to the art. Most of our public groups and figures are due to private enterprise in combination, and the particular manner in which these commissions are worked, is one of the crying evils of the art-life of the day. It is perhaps not undesirable to dwell a little on a point which has a very practical importance to our whole group of sculptors. When a corporation or a company desires to raise a monument to some public man, the system now in vogue requires that it should subscribe a certain amount of money, and then advertise for sketches to be sent in by any sculptors who like to compete. No man, however, whose time has any

value, can be expected to give his work for nothing; and so, to secure good studies, a primary selection is made among the competitors, and a fee has to be paid to each of these. By this means a tenth of the sum collected is wasted before any decision has been reached. At last the selected models are placed before a professional committee, usually quite unaccustomed to sit in judgment upon works of art, and by this committee the final choice is made. Now, everyone familiar with the process of art knows that the sketch of a work by a master is precisely what an outsider finds it most difficult to comprehend. The smooth and conventional model of a mediocre man looks less surprising and more effective to an unpractised eye than the rough sketch of a great artist. So the professional committee, truly desiring to do the best thing for its clients, and unwilling to trust to the advice of any technical authority, falls into the trap that mediocrity lays for it, and selects the smooth and feeble design. But this danger, upon which six committees out of seven strike, is not the only one involved in the system of competitions now in fashion. One still more serious to the art of the country is the unavoidable jealousy that it engenders among artists, and the isolation in which it forces sculptors to live. No man is able to frequent the studio of his contemporaries when he and they are alike at work for a competition. His mind and hand must labour in solitude, he must forego all the advantage that accrues from the amiable discussion of ways and means. His colleagues, instead of welcoming his skilled criticism and his fresh practised eye, close their studio doors with suspicion to a possible rival. As long as such a system is in vogue among us, individuals of genius may rise here and there above the throng of workmen, but we shall never enjoy the possession of a national school. This will appear more clearly when our age has become history; but we require no distant perspective to show us that, ugly as many of our public statues are, none are so deplorable as those that owe their existence to competitions; even as we write these lines, London is being disgraced by a competitive statue of Byron which will be laughed at, as long as it exists, from one end of Europe to another.

A great deal of nonsense is talked about the impossibility of preserving sculpture out of doors in England. The destructive action of the atmosphere has been greatly exaggerated, and in the case of works in bronze does not, properly speaking, exist at all. Grinling Gibbons' statue of James II., in Whitehall Yard, has borne the disintegrating stress of rain and fog for two hundred years, and does not seem any the worse for it. The surface of bronze is, indeed, almost indestructible. The rudest navvy might be set to scrape a statue with a brick-end, and he would be found to have done it less harm than the accumulations of the dirt of years. It is less a matter of complaint that the English climate destroys sculpture than that the English public takes no trouble to cleanse it. The only public figure which it seems anybody's business to scour and keep decent is Foley's beautiful statue of Sidney Herbert in front

of the War Office in Pall Mall, one of the best of our monumental figures, indeed, but not the only one that is worthy of a washing.* In 1785, Peter Pindar, lashing the unfortunate Sir William Chambers, accused him of encouraging the election, as Academicians, of such persons

As can wash best the larger statues' faces,
And clean the dirty linen of the Graces,
Scour best the skins of the young marble brats,
Trap mice, and clear the Academy from rats.

What was then suggested in jest might really be now carried out in earnest. It would be by no means an unworthy extension of the scope of the Academy, if it were empowered by the Office of Works to appoint one of its members to superintend the periodical cleansing of all public monuments, to the great indulgence of sensitive and æsthetic persons. The reliefs at the base of the Nelson column would be the first to respond to the invitation to let themselves be seen.

Not only is it a fallacy to suppose that bronze is destructible in our climate, marble itself may, with a very little care, be preserved from decay in the open air. Two kinds of marble are used in the art, and they are distinguished as Statuary and Sicilian. The former is set apart for indoor work only, the latter is almost always of a bluish tint, and somewhat uneven in colour and density. It is hard, sometimes intensely hard, especially the variety known as *campanella*, from its bell-like resonance. These Sicilian marbles are thoroughly appropriate for outdoor art, and their uneven colour and the faint veins that run through the blocks form no disadvantage to a work of large size. These marbles are dense enough to carry out Gautier's charge to the artist—

Que ton rêve flottant
Se scelle
Dans le bloc résistant,

and yield nothing of their delicacy of surface to the ordinary attacks of such a climate as ours. In the centre of the City of London there are two alto-relievos, with life-sized figures, which were executed in Sicilian marble fifteen years ago, and which have been kept as bright, sharp, and interesting as they were the day they were put up, by being played upon every now and then by the hose of a fire-engine. It may be added that the same durable and beautiful material was employed in the Albert Memorial.

Another great drawback to the progress of popular taste in sculpture is the curious prejudice in favour of Italian work which came into fashion half a century ago, with the successes of Canova, and which has survived the final decadence of the Roman school. We are glad to see

* This spring a bird has successfully built a nest and reared a brood in the amperies of Westmacott's statue of Canning, in New Palace Yard, without the smallest disturbance from the Office of Works.

that the Royal Academy discourages more and more the exhibition in its rooms of those flimsy and meretricious productions which do so much to lead away our weaker brethren. The London exhibitions this year do not contain a single work done in Italy or after the Italian manner which deserves any serious consideration. Design has totally abandoned the Italian sculptors, and they depend for their success on their extraordinary skill in under-cutting and treating the surfaces of marble on the one hand, and their vulgar use of *genre* on the other. We are stimulated by no insular or provincial jealousy in begging the Italians to keep within the confines of their own country, and to prove it we may say, before having mentioned the name of one living native sculptor, that we should welcome with open arms the exhibition in London of works by such Frenchmen as Dubois, Chapu, or Mercié. The serious and learned work of the French might indeed put much of our cold and dry sculpture to the blush, but the lesson it would teach would be of inestimable value to us. But while we speak of the French school of to-day with a becoming modesty, we acknowledge no such supremacy in the Italians. They make good workmen, but bad artists; they know how to wield the chisel, but they are powerless with the modelling-tool, and above all they seem absolutely incapable, at present, as a nation, of that elevation of the spirit and intellectual nobility without which sculpture is like a musical instrument in the hands of a man who has no ear. It may safely be contended that we have at least half-a-dozen sculptors in England who can beat the most accomplished Italian in everything except the mere bravura of execution. Subjects which an English, and still more a French master, would inspire with dignity and grandeur, descend in the hands of an Italian to pettiness and prettiness, and the soft, over-chiselled statue, when it is finished, has lost all vestige of style or character. Yet the public is constantly seduced by the charming brilliance of surface and affected elegance of pose, and the trade in Italian statuary is a perpetual danger to the vitality of our native sculpture.

It is doubtless owing to the want of style and true charm in the common chamber statuary of the Italians, that sculpture has been so little invited to take a share in the recent movement in favour of beautifying the dwelling-house. This movement arose in the Gothic camp, and its founder expressed himself with terrible vigour against the unfortunate art of sculpture. Doubtless he had in his mind some smirking nymph or effeminate deity of modern Roman work, and he was specifically right, though, as we hold, generically wrong. The desire for "art in the house" has widely extended, and has come to outgrow all specially Gothic bias; but the claims of the statue, and still more of the statuette, have been too much neglected. Nothing gives more refinement and style to a large room, somewhat severely furnished, than a few beautiful specimens of sculpture. There is now being exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery the model of a statuette some three feet high, a Naked

negligently pouring water from a slender urn, which it is impossible to see without wishing that one had the opportunity to invite Mr. MacLean, its author, to execute it in marble for the centre of a dwelling-room. In corners where there now stands a gorgeous Indian vase or Japanese pot, space might be found for figures that would be intellectually more worthy of attention, and no less decorative in character. The conventional clock on the mantelpiece of a rich room might very advantageously be exchanged for one of those vigorous little figures in bronze for which one or two of our younger sculptors show a special aptitude, and indeed the deep and picturesque colour of fine bronze makes it perhaps more thoroughly in harmony with the tones of a modern artistic house than marble, which requires considerable brightness of surrounding, and a tone not sinking below grissaille, to escape a certain glaring whiteness. But those who deny or disregard the value of fine sculpture in a dwelling-house, should inspect the drawing-room at Osborne, where the presence of at least a dozen statues, arranged in different parts of the room, gives an air of dignity and serenity which is wholly pleasurable.

It will perhaps be observed that we speak of marble and bronze as if no other substances existed which found their place in the art of sculpture. We are not unconscious of the charm which many find in the naïve and accentuated character of terra-cotta, a substance that seems to lend itself to improvisation in the art. Without sharing this fascination, we can admit that terra-cotta may legitimately please those who crave for a link between the coloured variety of painting and the monochromatic simplicity of sculpture. Yet we regard it as a dangerous licence, tending rather to rhetoric than to poetry, and safely to be admitted only in bas-relief, which, as the dramatic side of sculpture, demands a form less exact than any other, as we admit prose and a lax system of versification into dramatic poetry only. It is well to keep this analogy clearly before us. We offer no dishonour to the infinitely versatile and brilliant art of painting when we assert that it is the prose of art, and that sculpture is the poetry. Painting, like prose, is free to treat any theme in nature, in literature, in history. It may revive the glories of the past or sketch the humdrum features of to-day; the world is all before it, where to choose; it may adopt any subject, any style; nothing is too ambitious, nothing too trivial for it to treat; it is equally well employed upon the fall of empires or on the shadows of a morning cloud. Sculpture, on the other hand, like poetry, is bound by ancient and immovable laws to move within a certain range of exact form. These technical restrictions trammel only those who are not born to contend with and to overthrow them. To the born artist, to the poet or sculptor, they give an intensity of inspiration, a severe beauty of style that lifts his best work at once to the level of that of the masters of prose or painting. With fewer means he arrives at an end no less brilliant than theirs, and is crowned, if crowned at all, with a more delicate wreath by the Muses. This hope of supreme attainment supports him in contending against difficulties

and restrictions unknown in the more facile art, and he comforts himself that if the painter and the proseman strike nineteen times while he is motionless, the twentieth, which is his, will more than reverse their position. And as, in the art of poetry, no real master of verse rejects the power and prestige with which the traditional limits of his art endow him, but leaves to experimentalists and rhapsodists the craving to revolutionise the form of poetry, so the master of sculpture will mainly leave to the novice and the charlatan the more prosaic substances which allow themselves to be carved and moulded, fearing even in the use of terracotta to lose something of the serious and tragic force of sculpture. Plaster is permitted as the necessary mould and matrix of the tragic idea, not regarded at all as a durable or self-sufficient class in sculpture, but only as the humble form through which the type must pass on its way to immortality in bronze or marble. Many a fine work, unhappily, never passes beyond the plaster form, but this is a mere accident of unpopularity, the stigma of financial ill-success. No sculptor regards his plaster figure as anything but the chrysalis out of which the Psyche of his art will evolve, and to the eye of an artist of refined perceptions something of the same unripeness and insufficiency clings to the frailty of terra-cotta.

We have hitherto confined ourselves to the consideration of those general principles of style which act upon the sculptor from without, and of the assistance or hindrance that he receives from the public. This has been necessary as a preliminary exercise, although not bearing exclusively on the art of the present year or of the present decade. It is time, however, to turn from the abstract to the concrete, and to survey the actual condition of sculpture among us. Setting aside any estimate founded upon mere popular success, we hold the condition of the art in England in 1880 to afford material less of performance than of promise, and to call for hope rather than for self-congratulation. The influence of the Albert Memorial has been at work in generating a bolder and more confident treatment, a juster sense of design, a franker sentiment in composition. We look back to the sculpture of twenty years ago with a sense of extreme relief. The deadly smoothness of Chantrey, the awkwardness of Behnes, the pedantry of Gibson, the whole evil genius of the dark age that succeeded the dawn of Flaxman, all seems to have past away, or to be traced only in the work of two or three artists who no longer assert an influence over public taste. The errors that led astray alike the most opposite talents of the last generation have lost their fascination for the new race of sculptors, and the signs of revival are clearly to be observed by any eyes that are open to perceive them. Still, the old dry manner, the cold and pedantic mode of misinterpreting the antique, are not lost in a day, when they have ruled a people for a quarter of a century. We have dated the revival from the unveiling of the Albert Memorial, and we believe that the future historian of the English art of the nineteenth century will find for that event a position much more prominent

than was given to it in the criticism of the hour. It was the first great protest against the evil system of competition; it forced the individual artists of an age to combine in a great design, and drew them together out of their isolation into something more like a school than England had ever previously seen. The architectural genius that presided at the birth of the general design is now pretty widely admitted to have been an unlucky one, but it lies outside our province to discuss that question here. Enough to say that nothing can be conceived more beneficial for plastic art in this country than the scheme which invited eight or ten of our best sculptors to unite, without rivalry or fear of criticism, in a great imaginative work. The years so spent were even more fertile in their effect upon the future of art than in the merit of the groups then immediately produced, although the value of some of these is intrinsically very high. The relievos of Mr. Armstead, in particular, will continue to be admired and studied as long as they remain in existence, and mark, historically, the artistic coming-of-age of the most accomplished sculptor that we now possess.

In reviewing the art of the year, it is natural to consider what has been achieved or attempted in the domain of the Group. The group is in sculpture what the epic poem is in poetry, it is the final ambition and supreme exercise of the artist. As the world gets older the power of commanding this sustained action of mind and hand seems to grow less and less, yet even among the ancients it would seem that the number of single figures immensely overbalanced the number of groups. By a group we understand a collection of two or more human beings, or animals to whom we attribute the importance and individuality of men, in distinct relation to each other. The mere introduction of an animal into a work of art, such as the horse in an equestrian figure, does not render it a group, for it is but an accessory to the man, but if the man were represented on the ground, struggling with the horse, or in relation to it in any centaur-form, we permit to the work the title of a group. So Mr. Brock's "A Moment of Peril," in the Royal Academy, is a group, because, although it depicts a Red Indian on horseback repelling the advances of a great snake, and contains no other human figure, yet the serpent is so important in the composition, so menacing and thrilling in its independent attitude, that the eye accedes to it the rank of a human figure, and acknowledges that it is of equal value with the figure of the Indian. It is about fifty years since Barye introduced to the French public, with startling originality, his compositions of animals and men in juxtaposition; in some of his grandest works the human element, though not the human interest, was entirely absent, and one vast creature met another in mortal shock. A very special talent is needed to carry out so rough a design without offending against the canon of beauty, and what Barye did supremely well, it cannot be said that all his disciples have succeeded in doing. The disciples of Foley, of whom Mr. Brock is one of the most distinguished, are wanting neither in spirit nor in ambition.

They attempt to scale the highest peaks of their art with an audacity that they are almost alone in possessing, but the best of them seem lacking in poetic invention and originality, while the less gifted ones fall on every hand into the sin of plagiarism. It would be easy to point to the previous works which rise to the spectator's memory, and remove, one by one, the pleasure he would else receive from Mr. Brock's spirited and well-executed group. It is difficult to believe in the ultimate success, in any very large sense, of an artist so little able to see things from his own point of view. Another pupil of Foley, Mr. Birch, may attain to higher things, because, although his work is awkward where Mr. Brock's is accomplished, he has more invention, and assumes a style of his own. He has passed from the ideal work, by which he first became known, to the realistic study of military subjects, which he treats too farcically, and with too little depth of feeling. His soldiers are apt to look like acrobats in uniform, yet the public, which has been attracted to his name this spring at an unfortunate moment, will hardly suppose that his unlucky group of this year, but rather his previous statues, have gained him the distinction of A.R.A. When all is said, it is probably to Mr. Birch to whom the State would do best to apply, if some feat of British arms had to be commemorated in a becoming monument. He would no doubt do better rather than worse on such an occasion than has been done in past times by Wyatt and Behnes. What talent our sculptors possess in the composition of a group is hardly indicated by their productions in the Academy this year.

It is "in the round," in solitary figures, that the higher forms of sculpture now chiefly subsist. The group is too ambitious for constant use; its nature demands more intellectual tension and a stricter selection of theme than is generally convenient to the sculptor, and the confusion of its lines and broken *silhouette* against the sky are practical difficulties that are apt to intimidate him. Among monumental or iconic figures of full size, in modern dress, Mr. Boehm's Lord John Russell is the example which we select from the work of the year. This statue has been much objected to by some of the reviewers; but, we think, with injustice. The statesman was not a person of commanding height or exquisite feature, and to have attempted to give these qualities to his statue would have been absurd. No doubt Chantrey would have lifted the head, and given to the face a flattering sweetness of outline; but even he could not have risked positive height or beauty, and the result of such idealism would have been neither true nor charming. Mr. Boehm gives us the earnestness of attitude, the fire in the eye; and, although this statue will never be his masterpiece, there is nothing weak or tame about it, and it sustains his reputation for modern portrait-figures. The Hungarian artist has been settled among us so long that we may consider him one of ourselves, and enjoy the credit due to his learning, energy, and skill. His portrait statue of Mr. Carlyle, a few years ago, was a work such as is seldom produced in England, and which

any modern master might have been proud to sign. But though Mr. Boehm's talent is genuine, it is narrow. We do not remember a single instance in which this fecund artist has left the domain of portraiture, and we should be sorry to see his interesting, but prosaic manner, too closely followed by younger men. Imaginative work must always take the first place, and the sculpture of a country would scarcely be worth writing about if it dealt with nothing but realistic portraits.

In "ideal" sculpture—as work of the imagination has rather unfortunately grown to be termed—the present year has seen the production of a statue so remarkable that it gives a fresh pulse to our hopes for the future of the art in England. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's performances during the last four or five years have been spirited enough to draw general attention to the young sculptor, but not to prepare us for the singular excellence of his "Artemis" this year. He has been noticeable from the first for his freshness of manner, and for a certain dignity of conception rare among English sculptors. His "Lot's Wife," in 1878, was admirably invented and executed; but his work last year gave us reason to fear that his might be one of those ephemeral lyric talents that evaporate with the first dew of youth. His "Artemis" has nobly proved that we were wrong, and that the fountain of his invention is still unexhausted. But he has more than invention, precious a gift as that is; he has the rarer attribute of style. In saying this we do not mean that he has mastered all the mysteries of his art: we find traces in his work of youth, of inexperience. He has thrown aside the conventional range of draperies, and has found the difficulties of original treatment of folds greater than he had anticipated. Fired with a just disdain of prettiness and sleekness, he has not given to his goddess the full grace of a supple and undulating motion. But it must be a very unsympathetic criticism that should blame an artist for such faults as these—restrictions of which he is probably more sensitively conscious than any of his judges. Mr. Thornycroft has produced a figure that lifts him to the front rank of contemporary sculptors, a figure full of simplicity and dignity, modern in sentiment and antique in form, blending the present and the past by sympathy rather than by antiquarian study, and answering to the usual mock-antique of sculpture as a poem of André Chenier, or Keats, answers to an ode of Akenside. Mr. Thornycroft is to be congratulated on his high sense of stately and virginal beauty in woman. The "Artemis" is the best, but not the first example of his remarkable feeling for female beauty—a gift that should lead him far, and be popularly welcome, in an age when a tendency to prefer oddity or picturesqueness to beauty in art threatens to become a snare. We look forward with anxiety to Mr. Thornycroft's future, because it has been our misfortune, especially in the art of painting, to see not a few young men exhibit extraordinary power in some one direction, be overwhelmed with recognition by the public, and then subside, in the heyday of youth, into inaction, instead of pushing on to fresh triumphs and more durable successes. It would

be an unfortunate thing if the success of his works this year should in any way persuade Mr. Thornycroft to rest on his oars. What he has done is more than remarkable; but we believe he has the ability to do far better than this, and to take the lead among English sculptors of imagination. Such a reputation, however, is not built in a day. For the time being, in Mr. G. A. Lawson, whose male figures, illustrative of poetic literature, are delicate without ever being effeminate or fatuous, he has a possible rival.

An annual exhibition is hardly the best place to study bas-relief, that charming art which does not properly exist except as the ornament of architecture. We ought to judge an entablature or a frieze when it is fixed in its place upon the building, the harmony of which it completes and emphasises. But the Royal Academy this year gives the critic an unusually favourable opportunity of studying, in extreme contrast, the two classes into which work of this kind is naturally divided. Historically, the Nineveh friezes and the rilievo panels of fifteenth century Florentine work supply us with the most familiar instances of these opposite styles. In one the object of the artist is decorative, in the other pictorial; in one he produces his effects by broad low planes, securing large masses of light and pencilled shadows; in the other his figures start from the background with animation, and he aims at gaining the most picturesque effect possible by rounded forms, a rich broken surface, and deep chasms of shadow. Between these two extremes the lovely dramatic art of bas-relief has always oscillated, the latter class having been most in vogue since the Italian Renaissance. In the Academy, as we have said, we find this year a fine typical example of each. We are far from placing Mr. Tinworth on a level with Mr. Armstead; but his "Going to Calvary" is so spirited that we do the more eminent sculptor no injustice in comparing or contrasting it with "The Courage of David." Mr. Tinworth's frieze of coarse and animated figures, hurrying the Saviour to His execution, is conceived in the full spirit of the school of Ghiberti. It teems with life and excitement, and sacrifices almost every purely sculptural quality to secure picturesqueness. The only way in which we can imagine it to attain architectural propriety is by supposing it to be the centre-piece of an entablature indefinitely continued round a building. It is the weakness of this class of work to seem fragmentary, and an anecdote rather than a complete narrative. Mr. Armstead's decorative marble, notwithstanding its curious archaic air, is more truly an independent work, and much more wisely designed for an architectural position. It is a work of singular ingenuity and beauty, and exhibits those qualities of style which make Mr. Armstead, from a technical point of view, distinctly the best of our living English sculptors. His modelling has a sharpness and a bright, strong touch, that we look for in vain elsewhere, and that have never been much cultivated in England. Probably few of the thousands who pass up and down Whitehall every day have ever stopped to look up at Mr. Armstead's reliefs on

the façade of the Colonial Office, or in doing so have reflected how exceedingly rare such beautiful work is, not merely with us, but in any modern country of Europe.

A survey of the busts exhibited this year does not leave upon us the impression that we have any striking genius for portraiture amongst us. There is one head by Mr. Woolner that is very delicately finished, but one swallow does not make a summer. Most of the artists whose names we have already mentioned contribute one or more busts in which it is easy to discover some merit of vigour or grace. But we confess that we think that one of Weekes' good portrait heads would have shone out among the work of the present year with distinction, and yet Weekes had talent rather than genius. The fact is that English sculpture neglects the requirements of portraiture, and is in no other department in so great need of revival as in this. We see little effort made to read the inside as well as the outside of a head of intellect. It is the duty of the sculptor very often to have to model the portraits of persons devoid of beauty, charm, or elevation. It is the most tedious part of his business, and he has not the opportunity, which the painter enjoys, of adding picturesqueness to the accessories, or richness to the surrounding colour. A first-rate sculptor, however, will succeed in adding points of interest, even to a poor head, by some delicacy of treatment or brilliancy of execution. Mr. Boehm used to know how to do this, but Mr. Boehm seems to have grown languid. Towards heads of this class, however, criticism is lenient, for the artist is not responsible for the hopeless mediocrity of his sitter. We are not so indulgent when the sculptor has a man of real intellectual ability to pourtray. We then expect that he should give us, not merely the form of the skull, but the kindling of the features, and project upon his marble the glow of the great mind with which he has been in contact while the work progressed. But this is just what the portrait sculptors of our day do not seem able to do. The Royal Academy this year contains two marble busts of the President of the Royal Society, each to a certain degree like the original, yet each wholly valueless as a record of his appearance. We cannot help fancying, from the expression of the busts, that one of these gentlemen frightened Mr. Spottiswoode, and that the other fatigued him consumedly. Neither can have had any sympathy with his mind or curiosity to investigate its working.

It may be noticed that we have succeeded in bringing these remarks to a close without any reference to the antique. In our opinion the comparison of modern with ancient work in sculpture, especially any one single statue with the bulk of Greek statuary, is exceedingly unfair and discouraging to the modern artist. The sculptor himself can hardly contemplate too lovingly the relics of antique perfection, so long as he withholds himself from imitation and plagiarism, but the critic should judge his contemporaries by the gentler standard of modern production, and need not deny all merit to a Dubois or a Foley because he is not a Pheidias. Artists and connoisseurs have grown modest since Horace

Walpole thought it necessary to write on one of the Hon. Mrs. Damer's statues :—

Non me Praxiteles fecit, at Anna Damer,

nor is any good sculptor at the present day likely to underrate the immense chasm that divides his own work from the magnificence of the Olympian Hermes or of the Venus of Milos. He knows that even were he to rise for once to the level of the Greeks, and carve a figure as strong and beautiful as one of the historical masterpieces, his marble would not have the harmony of tone, his idea would not have the freshness, his age would not have the enthusiasm that would enable him to compete with the ancients in prestige. It is better, in specific criticism, to let the Greeks alone, and rather inquire whether English sculptors have got further in their art, achieved a truer sense of its aims, arrived at loftier and juster forms, than Wilton and Nollekens had a century ago. It must, moreover, be recollected that it was not every year, even in Greece, that a Venus of Milos was produced, and that it is mere ignorance to suppose that all the statues annually executed there enjoyed the same exquisite perfection. Meanwhile the sculptors should work hopefully on, unflagging in their ambition, constantly occupied with those great and simple thoughts upon which the masters of their art have always been nourished. Sir Joshua Reynolds exactly defined the attitude which a sculptor should preserve towards ancient art, when he passed upon Banks the fine eulogy that "his mind was ever dwelling upon subjects worthy of an ancient Greek." Modern artists lose not a little by the unfortunate indifference they show to literature. To sculptors, above all others, the cultivation of an imaginative temperament, and the study of the best poetry is essential; without this they can scarcely fail to yield to trite inspirations and to the fatal fascination of *genre*.

Minuets.

Few persons, perhaps, have ever considered that the minuet, notwithstanding its solemn triviality and dignified affectation, was really in its essence and origin a reaction of decorum and dignity against the licentious dances in vogue amidst the highest society during the first half of the seventeenth century. It is sufficient to read any French memoirs of this period to perceive how scandalous—both from the point of view of good morals and good taste—were the ballets and dances performed at the Court of the Tuileries by princes and princesses of the blood, in company with hired opera-dancers, male and female. For this species of exhibition the minuet was undoubtedly an excellent substitute. And although considered simply in itself the minuet, with its elegant attitudinising and pompous affectation, has a ridiculous side to it, yet we must remember that at its beginning it was welcomed as being far more modest and decent than the dances then in fashion. The minuet, in fact, raised a distinct line of demarcation between stage dancing and society dancing; and this was for many reasons a gain to morality.

But it was during the eighteenth century that the minuet reached the height of its popularity. In France and Italy it became an absolute passion; and many English readers will be surprised to hear of ecclesiastical dignitaries, princes of the Church, dancing minuets in the Eternal City! Yet such was undoubtedly the case. Abbés, who swarmed in Rome, and held as it were only a brevet rank in the ecclesiastical army, used to dance minuets with the powdered and patched dames of the period. Eminent cardinals did not quite go that length, but went through the dignified evolutions of the minuet with each other! There exists a very curious production, never printed, although pretty widely circulated, of which a MS. copy now lies before me. It is a drama, with music and dancing, entitled *Il Conclave dell' 1774*; the scene is the Vatican Palace; the interlocutors, their eminences the cardinals; and the argument, the intrigues and incidents of the conclave which met in October 1774 to elect a successor to Pope Clement XIV. The drama was represented during the carnival of 1775, at a private theatre. That such a production should be written and circulated—not to say prepared—is the most curious and striking commentary on the state of feeling as to ecclesiastical matters in Rome at that period. When one considers what is the orthodox theory of a papal conclave, and what divine influences are (officially) supposed to prevail in it, this crudely realistic picture is indeed amazing. And not less noteworthy is the progress which

has been made during the last century in earnestness about earnest things. The most uncompromising enemies of the Church would admit that the conclave which elected Pope Leo XIII. was composed of men penetrated with the conviction of the grave importance of their task; whilst her most devoted adherents could scarcely pretend so much for the conclave which elected Braschi to the chair of St. Peter, under the title of Pius VI.

But to return to our minuets: in the above-mentioned drama (Scene v. Act I.) occurs the following dialogue between Cardinals D'Elci and Calino:—

Card. D'Elci.— ————*dirci che per passar il tedio*
A giuocar ci mettessimo il Tresette.*

Card. Calino.—No; è meglio che balliamo un minuetto.
Così si fa del moto,
Così l'ipocondria si scaccia.

Card. D'Elci.—Prence mio, vuoi così, così si faccia.
Ecco Corsini! Egli potrà sonando
Guidare il ballo nostro;
Il ballo non fe' mai vergogna all' ostro.

Of which the following is a translation:—

Card. D'Elci.—I would suggest we set ourselves to play
Tresette, as a refuge from *ennui*.

Card. Calino.—Nay; it were best to dance a minuet.
Thus we get exercise, and chase away
Black hypochondria.

Card. D'Elci.— 'Tis well, my prince;
Since thus you wish, so be it! Lo, Corsini!
He will accompany our rhythmic steps
With music. Never has the dance disgraced
The purple!

In order to realise to our imagination the abyss which separates our sentiments and manners on such subjects from the sentiments and manners of a hundred years ago, let us picture to ourselves an author (and that author an abbé!) representing their Eminences Cardinals Manning and Hohenlohe going through a figure of the Lancers to the lively fiddling of Cardinal Nina! But, at any rate, the above passage will serve to prove the universal passion for the minuet which prevailed during the eighteenth century.

The learned are divided as to the origin of the minuet, and the derivation of the word. An Italian writer says that the name assuredly came from France, whatever might be the origin of the dance; and derives it from *menu*—small, minute—which epithet was applied to it on account of its small neat steps. Sebastian Brossard gives Poitou as its native country. Others, again, declare that it was a rustic dance in vogue amongst the peasants of Anjou, and from thence introduced at the

* A game of cards very fashionable at the period.

French court by the celebrated musician Lully; and that Louis XIV. became extravagantly fond of it, and brought it into fashion by dancing it at Versailles in 1660. But the period of its greatest glory and influence was, as has been said, the eighteenth century. The names of many of its chief professors and performers have been preserved for the gratification of the curious. In Italy a certain Monsieur Dufort was one of the most celebrated teachers of the minuet; and Monsieur Liepig received incredible ovations for his performance of that dance at the theatre of San Carlo, in Naples, during the carnival of 1773. Several female dancers made large fortunes by the minuet. There was Mademoiselle Coupé, with an income of twenty-five thousand francs a year; Mademoiselle Vestris, the most graceful and languishing of all minuet-dancers, also very rich; Mademoiselle Allard, the ruin of many princely fortunes; and, finally, Mademoiselle Guimard, celebrated for her caprices and her sumptuousness. The name of minuet was applied in the eighteenth century to a certain species of air, in three-four time, which was sung in the opera; and still signifies a melody with a special rhythm and movement familiar to all musicians. One Gennaro Magri, who wrote just about a century ago, styles himself "*Maître de ballet of the royal diversions of his Sicilian Majesty, and of the Royal Military Academy.*" And he assures us that of all dances the minuet was the most noble, and ought to be learned by all, even by the military (!). From Magri's official title of "Dancing Master to the Royal Military Academy," it would seem as though his Sicilian Majesty had not neglected this part of his army's education. The same writer discourses of his art with an amount of fervour and a minute attention to details which betray his undoubting belief in its importance. The rules about the minuet alone would fill a volume. But we may lay before the reader Magri's five indispensable requisites for making a good figure in the minuet. These are namely:—"A languishing eye, a smiling mouth, an imposing carriage, innocent hands, and ambitious feet."

Towards the middle of the last century, there died in Paris a dancing master, named Marcello, who may be called the genius of the minuet. His lessons were extremely dear, and eagerly sought after. He treated his subject with vast profundity and solemnity, and his pupils with autocratic arrogance. There was a whimsical contrast between the pompous elegance of his outward bearing and the extremely rough and blunt utterances to which he treated his noble scholars. He would make a lady a bow, expressive of high-bred courtesy, and call out the next moment, "Duchess, you waddle like a goose! Stand upright, do! You have the air of a servant-maid!" or, "Prince, what are you about? You look like a street-porter!" But nobody resented these speeches, for Marcello was privileged to say what he chose. In his later years he relinquished teaching the minuet, and devoted himself to what he called "the most sublime part of his art," namely, *la révérence*. He taught two hundred and thirty-six different species of bow and curtsy for the

two sexes, each of which expressed the condition, and frequently the mood, of the person who made it. There was the court bow, the city bow, the bow of a gentleman to his equal, the minister's bow, the curtsy of a young lady in church, on the presentation of her fiancée, &c. Curtseys on presentation at court were taught at twenty-five Louis d'ors the course! During the lesson Marcello represented the king, and took care to comport himself with all the overwhelming majesty belonging to the part, with a view to strengthen the nerves of his pupils for an interview with the Grand Monarque in person. It may be safely assumed, however, that magnificent as was Louis XIV., he was not so magnificent as Marcello.

Dufort, in his essay *On Noble Dancing* (published at Naples 1728), consecrates one entire chapter to the minuet; describing its whole ceremonial with scientific minuteness. But here is a somewhat less verbose description, taken from a work published during the most acute period of the passion for this dance:

"The cavalier takes his lady by the hand, and makes two steps forward with her, both keeping on the same line; after which he causes her to describe a circle around him, which brings her back to the same spot whence she started. They then cross each other during four or five minutes, looking at each other as they pass, and ending with a profound genuflexion; *the whole gravely, and without laughing, since the minuet in Europe is the most serious diversion known in society.*"

The words "in Europe" are rather mysterious, and make one wonder what the author conceived about minuets in Asia and Africa. As to America, it was quite out of the question as a scene for courtly dancing in those days.

The author of an amusing and erudite monograph on the minuet, Count Alessandro Moroni, to whom I am indebted for several of the foregoing anecdotes, observes that the music of the minuet obtained its best effects from the long-drawn cadences and pauses, which were then a great novelty. Formerly the precise contrary had been the case. Not only had music been a torrent of notes, but dancing had become a mere twinkling of legs! and the *tours de force* of agility in song had introduced the same taste into the dance. It was reserved for the phlegmatic minuet to put an end to this whirlwind of vocal and terpsichorean difficulties, and to restore calm to the legs, and peace to the throats, of the performers. Thanks to this new fashion, dancers were dispensed from running after the notes, and imitating the trills of the voice with the tips of their toes. And thus, too, foreigners were no longer able to declare of the Italians, "*qu'ils gambadèrent comme leur chant*,"—that they capered with their legs as with their voice! This criticism appears in a work called *Remarques sur la Musique et la Danse*, published at Venice in 1773.

In our own country, however, although the majority of dances were brisk and lively as the tunes to which they were performed still attest, there existed a precursor of the minuet. In 1581 the dances in vogue

were *measures*, galliards, jigs, brawls, rounds, and hornpipes. "The measure," says Mr. Chappell, in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, "was a grave and solemn dance, with slow and measured steps like the minuet. To tread a measure was the usual term, like to walk a minuet." Sir John Davies says—

Yet all the feet whereon these measures go,
Are only spondees—solemn, grave, and slow.

The melody of the minuet is in three-four time, and consists of two members of eight bars each. To give more life and colour to the music a second part was added and alternated with the first. This second movement bore the name of *trio*, because it was written for three parts (technically *voices*) only; whilst the principal movement was executed by the full orchestra. The conductor was careful above everything to emphasize the divisions of the melody into groups of four bars each, and to pay careful attention to the pauses which occurred at regular intervals. "These pauses," observes the Comte Moroni, "allowed the ear to perceive the sonorous wave of the last chords die and fade slowly into air, which gave the dance a sort of languor and affected softness, peculiarly belonging to the fashion of those times. The pause was the signal for a profound reverence on the part of the dancers. When all is said, the minuet was a poor and stupid dance, but an important pantomimic action."

A vast number of memoirs are extant which give minute descriptions of great balls and celebrated minuets at the French Court during the whole of the eighteenth, and even part of the seventeenth century. These are for the most part not difficult of access to the readers of French literature, and have been copiously cited in many works on the social history and manners of those times. But very few persons are acquainted with an extremely curious description of a celebrated masked ball given in Rome on November 24, 1751, at the Palazzo Farnese. The description appeared in a flying sheet (*foglio volante*) which has now become very rare, and bears the following title:—

Descrizione distinta delle feste celebrate in Roma da S. E. il signor Duca di Nivernois, ambasciatore di S. M. il Re cristianissimo presso la S. di N. S. Papa Benedetto XIV. nelli giorni 22, 23, 24 del mese di Novembre 1751 per la nascita del serenissimo Real Duca di Borgogna, fedelmente descritta da Giovanni Reffino. Roma 1752, per il Salomoni.

(A detailed description of the festival celebrated in Rome by his Excellency the Lord Duke of Nivernois, Ambassador of his Majesty the Most Christian King at the Court of the Holiness of our Lord Pope Benedict XIV., the 22, 23, and 24 of the month of November, 1751, for the birth of the most serene royal Duke of Burgundy, faithfully described (*sic*) by Giovanni Reffino.)

This most serene royal Duke of Burgundy was the elder brother of Louis XVI., and died in his childhood at little more than nine years old. The flying sheet of Reffino is now so extremely rare that Moroni, who

quotes it, says it may be considered practically new to the world of readers, and adds that he is not acquainted with a single writer who names it.

Reffino's detailed account gives us a vivid idea of the grandiose spectacle afforded by the stately minuet executed in the splendid saloons of the Roman aristocracy. And supremely splendid are the saloons of the Palazzo Farnese, now as then the seat of the French Ambassador; but of an ambassador accredited to a monarch undreamt of in the philosophy of the eighteenth century—namely, to the King of United Italy. Its noble apartments are admirable for vastness, proportion, and the masterpieces of painting with which they have been adorned by Annibale Carracci, Guido, Domenichino, Daniele da Volterra, and others. In this magnificent theatre the brilliant figures of the Duc de Nivernois' ball must have appeared to surprising advantage. The entertainment was remarkable from several circumstances. Firstly, from the lavish magnificence of the decorations; secondly, because it was renewed and continued during three successive evenings, in order to allow the *bourgeoisie*, as well as the nobles, to enjoy it; and thirdly, because it was honoured by the presence of the Pope and his court! This latter circumstance is probably unique. It must not be supposed that Benedict XIV. and his reverend cardinals and monsignori absolutely assisted at the ball; but so great was the fame of its splendours that his Holiness's curiosity was excited, and he repaired to Palazzo Farnese on the morning after the last ball, to see the decorations, &c. Not long after the last maskers had left the palace where they had danced until daylight, the ambassador caused the shutters to be reclosed, the lights renewed, the musicians recalled to their posts, in honour of the new and unexpected guests. But we will let Reffino speak for himself:—

So magnificent an entertainment merited the observation even of the Supreme Pontiff, and on Thursday, the twenty-fifth day of November, his Holiness deigned to go and see it. His Eminence Cardinal Valenti, and the Ambassador in Court dress, received his Holiness and attended him to the great saloon, which was illuminated, and where there were the musicians; and to the apartment where there was erected a throne for his Blessedness, who repaired thither with all the *Camera Segreta* (domestic prelates, chamberlains, &c.). Sumptuous refreshments were distributed to the noble household, and to the military officers, and there were various tables with collations for the lower members of the household, and the Swiss guard and cuirassiers.

But the best part of the spectacle could not be repeated. The festival, with its dancers in gorgeous costumes distributed in five great and splendid ball-rooms, was past and gone, and the Roman Pontiff and his court could only reconstruct it in imagination. It has, however, been faithfully recorded for us by the eye-witness Reffino, whose hyperboles and incorrect diction may be easily pardoned, considering that we owe to him a careful description of the dresses of the nobler gentlewomen who graced the entertainment. "To see those fair dames perform the minuet in all their bravery must have been enough to melt the icy heart of an ancho-

rite." So at least says Count Alessandro Moroni! Here is another quotation from Reffino:—

In order to receive without disorder the infinite number of maskers who filled that vast apartment with its five ball-rooms, the Palazzo Farnese was provided with a guard of soldiers. At three o'clock* was opened the great saloon destined for the nobility, who appeared in truly superb pomp. The princesses and all the ladies were dressed in habits of singular richness adorned with copious jewels, and distinguished by a great variety of masquerade costumes. Foremost for majesty of appearance was her Excellency the Ambassadors of Venice, in a charming costume after the German fashion, and perfectly supporting the graceful character of a Tyrolese peasant-woman. She wore a superb petticoat of white satin, with bouquets of natural flowers; a tightly-fitting bodice, with chemisette and sleeves of the finest muslin dotted over with symmetrical groups of embroidered flowers; on her head a black Tyrolese cap enriched with various and tastefully divided groups of jewels; to all which pleasing and rich adornment new charms were added by the deportment of her Excellency, who attracted the respectful admiration of all present. Then came the Princess di Viano in a most charming dress of rose-colour with festoons of the rarest Flanders lace. On the left side of her bosom she had a group of diamonds, emeralds, and rubies in an ingenious design, and a large pear-shaped pearl surrounded by smaller ones. Her hair was adorned with similar precious stones, which formed a head-dress very suitable to the noble bearing of her Excellency. The Duchess Salviati appeared glittering in a rich hussar costume, with a brocade petticoat. The ground of the brocade was of purple damask worked with silver branches and flowers in natural colours. She wore a hussar jacket hanging loose from one shoulder, of sky-blue velvet, and a hussar cap to match, both trimmed with rare furs of Muscovy. She wore a golden-hilted sabre, and a diamond sword-knot; and strings of large pearls round her throat and mixed with the tassel of her cap. And the effect of this brilliant costume was enhanced by the *spiritual* affability of her Excellency. The Marchesa Virginia Patrizi was very distinguished in a dragoon costume of jonquil-coloured satin entirely trimmed with silver lace; a baldrick studded with gems across her shoulders, supporting an elegant dagger, and a head-dress similarly adorned. Next appeared the Marchesa Sacripanti, superbly attired in white and gold brocade with natural-coloured flowers; a bodice of the same, from the back of which fell long folds of crimson velvet, with sleeves to match; and a small black velvet hat adorned with jewels to match her necklâce. The Marchesa Costaguti was also in white and gold brocade, with a Turkish turban of cloth of silver fastened by a half-moon in diamonds. The Contessa Carpegna wore a white train with a petticoat delicately painted with various rural landscapes, and very fine jewels on her breast and in her hair. The guards on duty very properly presented arms on the appearance of the goddess Minerva (!). This was the young bride, Marchesa Gaucchi, with breastplate and helmet wreathed with laurel, and enriched with groups of jewels and rows of pearls. She had her hair dressed in short curls like a man's, and wore a baldrick set with superb jewels. Her petticoat was white, sprinkled with spots of gold and blue embroidery, and the sleeves *à la guerrière*, were also blue; so that (*sic*) she received well-merited applause. Very charming and attractive was the Marchesa Gabrielli in a tight-fitting gown of rose-coloured satin, trimmed with Flanders lace and long wreaths of silver vine-leaves. On her head she wore a bandeau of brilliants, terminating at the

* At the date at which Reffino writes, the hours were universally reckoned in Italy from sunset to sunset, which latter was the *venti-quattro*, or twenty-four o'clock. Thus three o'clock in Rome at the end of November would be between seven and eight in the evening according to our manner of reckoning, which is now also generally adopted in Italy.

sides in little rosettes, extremely well suited to the dignified vivacity of this lady. The Marchesa del Bufalo was much admired in a white satin gown with *little groups of Cupids painted on it*, and edged with gold embroidery and flowers painted in natural colours. The bodice was of cloth of gold, and she wore a mass of superb diamonds on her bosom and in her hair. Then arrived the Princess Ruspoli in a majestic costume à l'*Impérial*, consisting of a petticoat and train of rose-coloured velvet trimmed with great festoons of the richest gold lace, and a head-dress and necklace of large pearls, which caused this Princess to be highly admired. General surprise was caused amongst the noble company by the apparition of the rising sun, represented in a lively manner by the Lady Mobilia Falconieri. On the right side of her bodice, which was entirely covered with diamonds, appeared a rising sun, whose golden rays illuminated the hemisphere which was designed upon the skirt of the gown, together with the signs of the zodiac. There was also the moon embroidered in silver, to signify that she had paled in the light of the greater luminary, which shone upon various terrestrial scenes skilfully painted round the edge of the skirt. And to show that the sun left darkness behind him, the night was excellently symbolised by a hanging drapery of black, studded with silver stars, which fell negligently from the shoulder. Golden sun-rays mixed with precious stones formed the head-dress, and there were similar ornaments at the throat and breast. But the greatest splendour of this rising sun was derived from the majestic bearing of the noble lady who wore it.

It is not necessary to follow the worthy Reffino further into the minutiae of this singular entertainment. It is certain that the fame of it passed the Alps; and probably, as Count Moroni observes, did not wholly fade away as long as one survivor remained of those who had witnessed its splendours.

One very marked peculiarity of Roman society in the eighteenth century was the great number of *abbés* who frequented it. It must not be supposed that the majority of these *abati* and *abatini* had any real ecclesiastical rank or function. The learned Cistercian monks in the work entitled *Antichità Longobardico-Milanesi*, published at Milan in 1793, deplore the abuse of this title, which, they say, has become a mere fashion, imported from France, and unfortunately spread throughout Italy. The fact is that as in a military state every man finds it useful to don a uniform, so in the states of the church the little silk mantle of the *abbé* was justly considered as a desirable badge of some connection, however remote, with the great ecclesiastical army. Up to comparatively recent times there were to be met with, in old-fashioned Roman houses, specimens of the genuine *abate*; familiar faces at christenings, weddings, birthdays, at other festive occasions; indispensable purveyors of social gossip; excellent partners at the whist-table; harmless flatterers; discreet confidants; formidable trenchermen at a feast; and critics of cookery from whose experienced judgment there was no appeal! Now-a-days the race is well-nigh extinct. There are *abbés* still, but they wear their cue with a difference. In the eighteenth century one of the *chevaux de bataille* of the *abbé* was the minuet. Strange as it may seem to our views, the characteristic silk mantelet of the *abbé* fluttered through that stately and languishing dance, in the most aristocratic

ball-rooms. A ballet-master named Rota, very celebrated in his day, composed a ballet of which one of the most effective scenes was a minuet danced by *Abatini* and *Contessine*—gentlemen with the smartest and neatest of black silk stockings and buckled shoes, and ladies powdered, patched, and hooped in the height of the fashion.

The great storm of the French Revolution swept away these slight creatures with its first breath. An active imagination might picture to itself a whole cloud of *toupés chignons à la Du Barry*, high-heeled shoes, pig-tails, and diamond snuff-boxes, fluttering forlornly across Europe like leaves before the wind. With these accessories the minuet, too, disappeared. It belongs to the history of the past. Count Moroni says that "the eighteenth century was truly portrayed in the minuet, which was, so to speak, the expression of that Olympic calm and that universal languor which were reflected in everything, even in social pleasures."

But it must be admitted that the portrait, however true so far as it went, was a very partial one; and the frivolous, pompous, graceful minuet was no complete epitome of that marvellous century which expired amidst the convulsions of the great French Revolution.

The Sweating Sickness.

TOWARDS the beginning of the sixteenth century a terrible malady made its first appearance within our island, causing the greatest danger to life wherever its pestilential breath infected the multitude. The origin of the evil was supposed to be wrapped in mystery; the disease was looked upon as one of those visitations which have so often been attributed to an offended Providence instead of to the true causes of their existence—the ignorance and negligence of a people as to the first principles of sanitary science. Illumined by the light of modern teaching, we can entertain but little doubt that the dreaded sweating sickness—the *Sudor Anglicus*—which created such havoc throughout England in the reigns of Henry VIII. and his son, was entirely due to the almost Eastern condition of things then apparent in our system of drainage and ventilation. The houses, even of the great, harboured filth and dirt which were allowed to remain unremoved, and thus to exhale their noxious gases in fatal freedom. The narrow streets were the receptacles for all garbage, whilst open sewers on either side slowly rolled their contents towards a polluted river. Pure water for drinking purposes was scarcely to be had; the brewers monopolised the springs for their trade, whilst the conduits, which even a century before the accession of bluff King Hal had been insufficient for the wants of the people, now simply mocked the requirements of the town. Meat was cheap, and the English were notorious for their robust appetites. It is not, therefore, surprising that men, breathing in their own homes and out of doors a fetid atmosphere, with their blood heated by heavy consumptions of animal food, should fall easy victims to a pestilence which their own offensive habits had helped to engender and encourage. The subject did not escape the notice of one of the keenest observers of his day.

I am frequently astonished and grieved (writes Erasmus to Wolsey's physician) to think how it is that England has been now for so many years troubled by a continual pestilence, especially by a deadly sweat, which appears in a great measure to be peculiar to your country. I have read how a city was once delivered from a plague by a change in the houses, made at the suggestion of a philosopher. I am inclined to think that this also must be the deliverance for England. First of all, Englishmen never consider the aspect of their doors or windows; next, their chambers are built in such a way as to admit of no ventilation. Then a great part of the walls of the house is occupied with glass casements, which admit light but exclude the air, and yet they let in the draught through holes and corners, which is often pestilential and stagnates there. The floors are in general laid with white clay, and are covered with rushes, occasionally removed, but so imperfectly that the bottom layer is left undisturbed, sometimes for twenty years, harbouring expectorations, vomitings, ale-droppings,

scraps of fish, and other abominations not fit to be mentioned. Whenever the weather changes a vapour is exhaled which I consider very detrimental to health. . . . I am confident the island would be much more salubrious if the use of rushes were abandoned, and if the rooms were built in such a way as to be exposed to the sky on two or three sides, and all the windows so built as to be opened or closed at once, and so completely closed as not to admit the foul air through chinks; for, as it is beneficial to health to admit the air, so it is equally beneficial at times to exclude it. The common people laugh at you if you complain of a cloudy or foggy day. Thirty years ago, if ever I entered a room which had not been occupied for some months, I was sure to take a fever. More moderation in diet, and especially in the use of salt meats, might be of service; more particularly were public sediles appointed to see the streets cleaned and the suburbs kept in better order.

The sweating sickness made its first appearance in England a few days before the battle of Bosworth.

In the year of our Lord 1485 (writes a Dr. Caius, a Welsh physician, who had made the disease his special study), shortly after the seventh day of August, at which time King Henry VII. arrived at Milford, in Wales, out of France, and in the first year of his reign, there chanced a disease among the people, lasting the rest of that month and all September, which for the sudden sharpness and unwonted cruelty passed the pestilence. For this commonly giveth in four, often seven, sometime nine, sometime eleven, and sometime fourteen days, respite to whom it vexeth. But that immediately killed some in opening their windows, some in playing with children in their street doors; some in one hour, many in two, it destroyed; and, at the longest, to them that merrily dined it gave a sorrowful supper. As it found them, so it took them: some in sleep, some in wake, some in mirth, some in care, some fasting and some full, some busy and some idle; and in one house sometime three, sometime five, sometime more, sometime all; of the which if the half in every town escaped, it was thought great favour. This disease, because it most did stand in sweating from the beginning until the ending, was called *The Sweating Sickness*; and because it first began in England, it was named in other countries "*The English Sweat*."

In the summers of 1506, 1517, and 1528 this curious epidemic reappeared, and it again broke out at Shrewsbury, where it raged from April to September, 1551, spreading afterwards throughout the whole kingdom. We read that in 1619 great dread of its return prevailed, but happily the fears of the country proved groundless.

One of the strange features of this disease was its partiality for Englishmen. Wherever Englishmen congregated, there it attacked them, "following them, as the shadow does the body, in all countries, albeit not at all times." In Calais, Antwerp, and Brabant it generally singled out the English residents and visitors, whilst the native population escaped unaffected. The chief victims were the robust and the powerful, whose sound digestions permitted them to indulge in the pleasures of the table; "thin-dieted" men it rarely attacked. The illness began with a fever, followed by severe internal struggles, which caused a profuse perspiration to break out. If the constitution proved strong enough to expel the poison, the sufferer escaped. One of the chief results of the malady was to cause such an utter prostration of the nervous system that the patient often yielded without a struggle; "seeing

how it began fearfully to invade them, furiously handle them, speedily oppress them, unmercifully choke them, and that in no small numbers; and such persons so notably noble in birth, goodly conditions, grave sobriety, singular wisdom, and great learning." The *State Papers* of the reign of Henry VIII. are full of allusions to the epidemic. When it first appeared every precaution was taken to cut off infection. The inhabitants of houses in which the disease had broken out were ordered to keep within doors, to hang out wisps of straw, and when convalescent to carry white rods. The peers and richer gentry put down their establishments, and hastened, as best they could, to isolate themselves from their neighbour. "Tell your master," said Wolsey to the chaplain of the Earl of Shrewsbury, "to get him into clean air, and divide his household in sundry places." Fairs were put down; the country, panic-stricken, was indifferent to amusements; and business was in a great measure at a standstill. No one knew whether his own turn might be the next. The palace was no more exempt than the cottage. A man was in perfect health one moment, the next he felt a little feverish, and in a few hours he was dead. An open window, accidental contact in the streets, a beggar asking for alms, might disseminate the infection, and a whole family be laid low by the terrible visitor. Where the sickness once appeared men preferred to take refuge in flight; and the traveller, as he passed through England, often entered a village in which every house was deserted. The rapidity with which the hale and hearty were struck down added all the more to the reign of terror that then prevailed. Ammonius, the Latin secretary, the friend of Erasmus, was dining one day with an acquaintance; they had arranged to meet on the morrow and ride to Merton to escape the infection. The next morning, before his friend had time to get out of bed and dress himself, a messenger arrived to announce the death of Ammonius. He had been carried off in eight hours.*

This sweat (writes Du Bellay, the French Ambassador to Montmorency), which has made its appearance within these four days, is a most perilous disease. One has a little pain in the head and heart; suddenly a sweat breaks out, and a doctor is useless; for whether you wrap yourself up much or little, in four hours, and sometimes in two or three, you are despatched without languishing, as in those troublesome fevers. However, only about two thousand have caught it in London. Yesterday we saw them as thick as flies rushing from the streets and shops into their houses to take the sweat, whenever they felt ill. I found the Ambassador of Milan leaving his lodgings in great haste because two or three had been suddenly attacked. In London, I assure you, the priests have a better time of it than the doctors, except that the latter do not help to bury. If the thing goes on corn will soon be cheap. . . . The King keeps moving about for fear of the plague. . . . Of 40,000 attacked in London, only 2,000 are dead, but if a man only put his hand out of bed during twenty-four hours it becomes as stiff as a pane of glass.

Various remedies were employed, and it may amuse modern pharmacy to study a few of the prescriptions then made out to check the ravages of

* *State Papers*, Henry VIII. Vol. 1515-1518. Preface. Rev. J. S. Brewer.

the pestilence. "Take endive," says one, "sowthistle, marygold, m'oney, and nightshade, three handfuls of all, and see the them in conduit water from a quart to a pint, then strain it in a fair vessel, then delay it with a little sugar to put away the tartness, and then drink it when the sweat taketh you, and keep you warm; and by the grace of God ye shall be whole."

My Lord (writes Lady Whethyll to Lord Darcy), in my best manner I recommend me unto your Lordship, and very sorry I am of your great heaviness. My Lord, the cause of my writing to you at this time is to advertise your Lordship of a proved medicine; that is, to take treacle and vinegar and temper them together, and put thereto some running water to allay the vinegar with, and take three or four good spoonfuls fasting, you and all yours, four or five mornings, and fast an hour after it; and by the grace of God ye shall find it shall do great good; and then, my good Lord, I beseech our Lord to preserve you and all yours, and send you as good health as I will myself. This medicine have I proved myself.

Herbs of all kinds—rue, wormwood, sage, balm, rosemary, dragons, burnet, sorrel, elecampane, pimpernel, &c.—enter largely into the prescriptions; as do crushed eggs, treacle, vinegar, and "unicorns' horn," "if it be possible to be gotten." Nor were the prayers of the Church to be omitted:

Another very true medicine is to say every day, at seven parts of your body, 7 Paternosters and 7 Ave Marias, with 1 Credo at the last. Ye shall begyn at the right syde, under the ryght ere, saying the *Paternoster qui es in celis, sanctificetur nomen tuum*, with a cross made there with your thumb, and so say the Paternoster full complete, and 1 Ave Maria, and then under the left ear, and then under the left armhole, and then under the left thigh-hole, and then the last at the heart, with 1 Paternoster, Ave Maria, with 1 Credo; and these thus said daily, with the grace of God is there no manner drede hym.

To avoid falling victims to the sickness all persons were enjoined "to keep fro outrage and excess in meat and eke drink, ne use no baths, ne sweat not too much, for all these openeth the pores of the body and maketh the venomous airs to enter, and destroyeth the lively spirit in man and enfeebleth the body." The diet was to be very simple. "They should not eat much flesh, but chickens sodden with water, or fresh fish roasted to eat with vinegar. Pottage of almonds is good, and for drink tysan, or in the heat small ale. If they wish wine, give them vinegar and water; white wine is better than red."*

When the epidemic was at its height, all remedies and precautions seemed useless to arrest its progress. It spread through the little villages as well as through the large towns. The noble in his secluded mansion was as liable to infection as the most miserable pauper. Ladies in waiting and pages of the Household fell victims to the sickness whilst in the performance of their duties at the palace. Some of the foreign ambassadors, who had attributed the disease entirely to English over-

* A Book of Receipts, Additional MSS., British Museum, State Papers, Hen. VIII. Vol. 1515-1518.

feeding and English timidity, were seized with the terrible fever, and on partial recovery hastened to quit the infected kingdom. The health of Wolsey was permanently undermined from four severe attacks. The Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Dorset, and young Lord Grey, were not permitted to escape the contagion. The king, like many men whose courage is undoubted, was terribly concerned about his own health; he would die like the bravest on the field of battle, but to perish ingloriously from an infectious illness was an end which made him as fearful as the most craven. He shifted his Court from Richmond to Reading, then from Reading to Abingdon, then to Woodstock, or Wallingford, or Farnham, according as the sickness dogged his steps. The peers and members of Council hastily quitted London and left the State to take care of itself. One man, however, remained true to his post. In spite of failing health and repeated attacks, Wolsey continued to attend diligently to his duties as Chief Minister and Lord Chancellor. Henry, safe in the seclusion of Woodstock, praised the Cardinal for his wisdom and diligence, and vowed that "there was no man living who pondered more the surety of the Royal person and the commonwealth of the realm," but at the same time he begged him to repair to Woodstock; "for here is clear air," writes the Court physician to His Eminence, "which His Grace thinketh you will like very well."

Myne awne good Cardinall (addresses the King to him in his own hand), I recomande me unto yow with all my hart, and thanke yow for the grette payne and labour that yow do dayly take in my bysynes and maters, desyryng yow (that wen yow have well establisshyd them) to take summe pastyme and comfort, to the intente yow may the lenger endure to serve us; for allways payne can nott be induryd. Surly yow have so substancyally orderyd oure matters bothe off thys syde the see and byonde, that in myne oppynion lityll or no thyng can be addyd. . . . The Quene my wyff hathe desyrd me to make har most harty recommendations to yow, as to hym that she loveth the very well, and bothe she and I wolde knowe fayne when yow wyll repayer to us. No more to yow at thys tyme, but that wyth God's helpe I trust we shall dysapoynte our enymys off theyre intendyd purpose. Wryttn with the hand off yowr lovyng Master,
HENRY R.

But there was one who had fallen a victim to the sickness, in whom Henry felt a far keener interest. The great beauty of the Court, whose wondrous grey eyes were then playing such havoc in the too susceptible heart of the monarch, had been suddenly seized with the malady, and was now lying ill of fever. When the news reached Woodstock that the incomparable Anne Boleyn had not been spared by the epidemic, but was now in a critical condition, the grief of the royal lover was intense. Henry could not have been more concerned if he himself had been the victim.

There came to me (he writes to her in one of his love-letters preserved among the State Papers—he wrote to her sometimes in French and sometimes in English)—there came to me in the night the most afflicting news possible. I have to grieve for three causes: first, to hear of my mistress' sickness, whose health I desire as my own, and would willingly bear the half of yours to cure you. Secondly, because I

fear to suffer yet longer that absence which has already caused me so much pain. God deliver me from such an importunate rebel! Thirdly, because the physician I trust most is at present absent, when he could do me the greatest pleasure. However, in his absence I send you the second: I beseech you to be governed by his advice, and then I shall hope soon to see you again.

A few days later he continues the correspondence:—

My doubts of your health have disturbed and troubled me extremely, and I should scarcely have had any quiet had I not received some news of you. But as you have felt nothing of it hitherto, I hope you are as well as we are. . . . I think if you would retire from the Surrey side, as we did, you would escape all danger. There is another thing for your comfort, that few or no women have suffered from it: what is more, none of our Court, and few elsewhere, have died of it. [A more unblushing falsehood royal lips never uttered!] Wherefore I beg of you, my entirely beloved, to put away fear and not be too uneasy at our absence; for wherever I am I am yours. . . . I hope for your speedy return. No more for the present, for lack of time, except that I wish you in my arms, to banish your unreasonable thoughts.

And then he signs himself "MA H. R. AIMABLE."

Seldom a day was allowed to pass without the fair invalid receiving a letter or gift from her "H. R. *aimable*." "The cause of my writing at this time, good sweetheart," he writes to her on one occasion, when she was rapidly becoming convalescent, "is only to understand of your good health and prosperity. . . . And seeing my darling is absent, I can no less do than send her some flesh representing my name, which is hart's flesh for Harry, prognosticating that hereafter you must enjoy some of mine. . . . No more to you at this time, mine own darling, but that awhile I would we were together of an evening." As the correspondence proceeds, and absence causes the heart to grow the fonder, Henry becomes more and more enamoured. From the respectful address of "mistress," or "mistress and friend," he deepens into "mine own sweetheart," "darling," "mine own darling," and other expressions of endearment, somewhat too plain and glowing for these civilised days. Would it not have been better for the unhappy woman had she never risen from that bed of sickness to share the dazzling glories of a throne and to trust to the fickle fondness of her "H. R. *aimable*?"

It has been computed that during the five visitations of the Sweating Sickness over one hundred thousand persons were enrolled amongst its victims.

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

Foreign Titles.

A GOOD many misconceptions prevail in England on the subject of foreign titles: one section of society rating them too highly, another unduly depreciating them. Another common mistake is to suppose that the grades of nobility abroad are as precisely defined as with us. In France there are dukes who rank before princes, and indeed prince is often the title of the eldest son of a duke in that country: the Duc de Broglie's eldest son is styled Prince Victor de Broglie—and his other sons are likewise princes, the Duke happening to be a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire; but of that by-and-bye. Sometimes father and son enjoy the same title; the present Duc de Gramont was styled Duc de Guiche in his father's lifetime. He might, had he pleased, have called himself Prince de Bidache. As a rule, however, the eldest son of a French duke bears the same name as his father, with the title of marquis, *e.g.* Duc d'Avray, Marquis d'Avray. The next son would be Comte d'Avray, the third Vicomte, and so on.

The names just cited are among the greatest in France, and entitled to all such honour as birth can claim; but there are about five hundred French dukes, and all Englishmen cannot be expected to discern between them. The table of precedence assigns no place to foreign noblemen, but the rule generally observed in society is this: the head of a foreign house of authentic nobility, be he prince, duke, or count, walks out of a room after an English duke. The same precedence is accorded to "envoys extraordinary" and "ministers plenipotentiary," as distinguished from "ambassadors," who rank immediately after members of the Royal Family. Only France, Austria, Prussia, Russia, Italy, and Turkey are represented by ambassadors at the Court of St. James's.

As for the cadets of foreign houses, they are as little thought of as they think of themselves. Many drop their titles altogether, contenting themselves with the prefix "de" or "von" before their family names, just to mark its nobility. And here it may be remarked that English gentlemen abroad, especially in Germany, should be careful how they answer the question which may any day be put to them, "Are you noble?" You may be, like most of us, plain Mister, but you should answer "Yes" if you are, however remotely, descended from a peer or a baronet (contrary to the popular belief, baronets are distinctly "noblemen," according to the Institution of James I.), or even if you are merely entitled to a coat of arms either by grant to yourself from the Sovereign or by inheritance. The matter grows year by year of less importance;

but at Berlin and Vienna you may still lose access to some pleasant clubs and social gatherings, if not of the privileged caste. And the conditions of nobility, as recognised on the Continent, are simply those stated above. It is ludicrous to recollect that the younger son of an English duke replied "No" to the shibboleth question of a small Prussian *Freiherr*, thus losing a great deal of fun during his stay in King William's dominions. Lord A's rank, had he known it, was precisely the equivalent of that of a German prince's son: English dukes, marquises, and earls being all (heraldically) "princes." The Duke of Norfolk's full style, to take an example, would be—"The most high, most noble, and most puissant prince, Henry, Duke of Norfolk," &c. The fact is, Lord A mistook his legal status of "commoner" for his social status of "noble."

The highest order of foreign nobility is that of the mediatised princes of Germany. They represent houses which once exercised sovereign power, and are still accorded semi-regal honours. Of these is the Prince of Leiningen, Her Majesty's nephew, and a Rear-Admiral in the British Navy; also Count Gleichen (he too is a Rear-Admiral, and Governor of Windsor Castle). Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenbourg, brother of the "reigning" prince, assumed the title of Count Gleichen on his marriage with a daughter of the late Admiral Sir George Seymour, father of the present Marquis of Hertford. Mediatised princes are entitled to the style of Serene Highness (*Durchlaucht*), though there appears to be some doubt as to whether all their descendants can claim the same style. "Princes" they would seem to be down to any generation. On this point, again, Britons caring for these things should beware of supposing that every foreign "prince" is a Highness. The vast number of them are entitled to no other recognition of their rank than "Prince" or "Mon Prince," and this need not be repeated more than once in the conversation. One says advisedly the vast number, for Russian princes alone can be counted by thousands, not to say tens of thousands. There are said to be 600 of the house of Galitzin alone.

Scarcely inferior in dignity to the mediatised princes are the members of those Comital Houses the chiefs of which, by a decision of the German Diet of 1829, have right to the title of "Most Illustrious Count" (*Erlaucht*). They are all counts—father, son, grandson, great-grandson, they and all their male descendants *ad infinitum*. Of course the descendants of princes or counts in the female line are not, as such, noble. The heraldic canon, that *le ventre n'anoblit pas*, is of almost universal acceptance. This is even the case in England, with a few exceptions.

One of the most famous of the Comital Houses is that of Bentinck, which is not without interest for Englishmen. Its head, a few years ago, was Colonel Bentinck (of the British Army), who, however, in 1874 resigned his rights in favour of Mr. William Bentinck, of the Diplomatic Service, who had not, any more than his elder brother, borne any title till that time. Count William was a great favourite at Christ

Church; and few were aware that the pale, fair-haired, rather shy lad belonged to one of the proudest families in Europe. Count Bentinck and the present Duke of Portland both descend lineally from the *fidus Achates* of William III. The House has further given England a Prime Minister, and India one of her best Governor-Generals.

The serene and illustrious compose a mighty host occupying 127 closely printed pages of the *Almanach de Gotha*. Next to them in universally recognised rank are those princes of the Holy Roman Empire (all the sovereign and mediatised princes of Germany are princes of the empire: the emperors of Germany having been also emperors of the Romans) whose titles were honorary from the first. Three English peers, the Dukes of Marlborough and Leeds and Earl Cowper, are princes of the empire. It may be added that the Earl of Denbigh and Lord Arundell of Wardour are counts of the empire. Lord Denbigh claims to come of the same stock as the Emperor of Austria; but the best title of his family to fame is that it produced the author of "Tom Jones."

Lord Arundell's ancestor got into serious trouble for accepting the title of count, conferred on him by the Emperor in grateful recognition of services in the war against the Ottomans. On his arrival in England, Count Arundell was sent without ceremony to the Tower, and questioned before the Star Chamber as to wherefore he had dared to accept a title from a foreign prince, to the contempt of the Queen's grace. He pleaded that the empire was *communis patria*, an argument more pleasing to the Emperor, whose style was *mundi dominus*, than to an English sovereign. He was released after a time, but made to understand that he could not be permitted to assume his title in England. To this day it is necessary to obtain the Queen's permission to bear a foreign title; nor is it ever granted without the proviso that no precedence whatsoever shall be claimed in respect of it.

Amongst other British subjects enjoying foreign titles are the Duke of Hamilton, who is Duke of Chatelherault in France; the Duke of Wellington, who is Prince of Waterloo in the Netherlands, and Duke of Vittoria and Grandee of the first class in Spain; Earl Nelson, who is Duke of Bronte in Italy; the Earl of Clancarty, Marquis of Hensden in the Netherlands; Sir Nathaniel Rothschild, an Austrian baron; Mr. Albert Grant, an Italian baron; and Sir Edward Thornton, Count of Cassilhas in Portugal. This last title may be called semi-hereditary, having been granted to Sir Edward's father for three lives and no more. Sir Edward's is the second life.

Several French noblemen are also princes of the empire. All the lineal descendants (in the male line) of such princes being themselves princes, it is not surprising to find that there are nineteen princes of the House of Broglie alone, to say nothing of eight princesses. The family has given to France three marshals. It is of Italian origin, the name having originally been written Broglio. The pronunciation of the modern form is "Broil."

Perhaps the greatest name in the roll of the French nobility is that of Rohan. A device of this family was "King am not, Prince disdain to be, Rohan am." Nevertheless, princes they became without abating one jot of their pride. The wife of one of them was asked when she expected to lie-in? "I hope to have that honour in six weeks," replied the lady. The "honour" was to be delivered of a Rohan. In spite of some distinguished scions of this house, it is to be feared the two best known to history are the Cardinal who did his best to ruin the reputation of Marie-Antoinette, and the Marshal Prince of Soubise, so egregiously beaten by Frederic at Rosbach. "Ce pauvre Soubise," said Louis XV. when he heard the news, "il ne lui manque plus que d'être content." The prince had been unfortunate in his domestic relations.

The head of the Rohans migrated to Austria at the time of the first Revolution, and the elder branch is no longer French. Doubtless there were Rohans in the field against their old country at Magenta and Solferino. There are at least five in the armies of Francis-Joseph at the present day. The Rohan-Chabots, a younger branch, have remained faithful to the fatherland. They are all, by right, "cousins of the king"—a dignity more highly prized than it would be in England, where it is enjoyed by every peer down to viscounts inclusive. Should, however, "the king" ever return, and the old order of things be re-established, the Duke of Uzès would be entitled to take precedence of the whole aristocracy of France. An Uzès was already premier duke (after the princes of the blood) in the reign of Louis XIV. The late duke died a year or two ago, and a little child is now the heir of this splendid title—and of many hopes. He dwells in the château of Uzès, which still stands, and which the family have managed to keep.

Another famous French house is that of the Lévis, now represented by the Duc de Mirepoix, "hereditary marshal of the Faith." Their pedigree stretches back to Levi, son of Jacob, and consequently up to Adam, whose arms every one has *not* the right to quarter: purity as well as directness of descent having to be proved. Whether the Lévis have established theirs is another matter. There was once a picture in the possession of the family in which a Lévis appeared taking off his hat to the Blessed Virgin. From her lips issued a scroll with the words, "Cover yourself, my cousin."

The historic names of Noailles, Richelieu, Rochecouart, La Rochefoucauld, Luynes, and many others still figure in the roll of the French peerage. The Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, be it observed in passing, who made himself so conspicuous in the National Assembly as a partisan of Henry V., has but a doubtful right to the title he assumes. In France he is simply Chevalier de la Rochefoucauld, and Duc de Bisaccia in Italy.

The title of marquis carries more prestige with it nowadays in France than that of the duke; and for this reason. The Empire made no marquises, *ergo*, a marquis (unless the son of an Imperialist duke) must derive his title from the old dynasty; and it is unquestionably more

honourable to have been ennobled by the Pompadour than by Napoleon. The first emperor created some thirty dukes and princes, all more or less men of talent; but none of their sons or grandsons appear to have done anything. Nor is this because they were frowned upon by the monarchy. On the contrary, everything was done by the Bourbons to conciliate the marshals. Soult was President of the Council to Louis-Philippe, and ultimately glorified with the magnificent title of Marshal-General of the Armies of France. His son, the Marquis of Dalmatia, was named Secretary of Legation at Vienna, whence arose an unforeseen difficulty. The Court of Austria objected to receive a man whose title was taken from an Austrian province, though the matter was ultimately arranged. By the courtesy of nations a sovereign is allowed in one instance (and one only) to confer a title taken from a locality in a brother sovereign's dominions. A soldier who has won a victory may be ennobled by the name of the battle-field. Thus Austria would cheerfully accord their full honours to a Prince of Wagram or a Duke of Magenta. The same rule holds good in the case of naval victories. Spain would have no right to object to a Viscount Trafalgar, or Holland to an Earl of Camperdown.

A propos of Holland, it is not generally known that the old Earls of Holland—the English Earls of the house of Rich—and the late Lords Holland (House of Fox) derived their title from a district of Lincolnshire called Holland. Holland was probably a common name enough at one time, signifying Hollow Land, or Valley, though some say it meant wooded land. The first English title derived from a place out of England was that of Viscount Barfleur, conferred, together with the Earldom of Oxford, on Admiral Russell, the victor of La Hogue. It was near Cape Barfleur that the battle was won, but the French fleet was followed up into the Bay of La Hogue and terribly handled there. But there is another Anglo-foreign title which has no such martial origin, yet against which no protest was ever raised.

When William III. raised his favourite Keppel to the peerage, the title chosen was Earl of Abbemarle, avowedly from Abbemarle, a town in Normandy. The title is still borne by his descendants. It must be remembered that the Kings of England were then titular Kings of France as well; nor did the Court of Versailles ever quarrel with them for quartering the lilies with the leopards. It was reserved for Napoleon, as First Consul, to object to this style of the British Sovereign; and the union with Ireland presented a convenient occasion for dropping it.

To return for a moment to France. What serious student of history but must regret that the present condition of its aristocracy can be best described in the mournful motto of the Bruces—"Fuimus"? Gone for ever is the power and the splendour: nothing left but pride. Gallant, of course, French gentlemen must always be according to both inflexions of the word. But seven thousand of the type of Alcibiades, though they had never bowed the knee to the Republic, would hardly restore their

order to its old place, or greatly benefit France if they did. Yet have they a brilliant past to remember. So many of them were paragons of wit, of chivalry, of munificence, of loyalty. And with all their faults one cannot help thinking that they worshipped the golden calf less than any other nobility of whom history makes mention. A youthful Duc d'Enghien, whom his relatives frequently tipped, laid by his pocket-money till he had amassed fifty louis, when he took the purse to his father and proudly exhibited its contents, expecting to be praised for his economical habits. The Prince of Condé emptied the purse and flung the money out of the window. "Let that be a lesson to you, sir," he then said, turning to his son, "to think and act more like a gentleman." Too many of the peers of England descend from merchants or lawyers to make it likely that one of them should ever exhibit such a reckless contempt for the stamped effigy of the monarch. Still the act of Condé must not be too hastily condemned. "This money might have been given to the poor!" Yes—but who once used those words? And on what occasion? It was when money had been lavishly spent "for an idea!"—as the world would say.

There is a finer story, though, of a Spanish grandee, where the sentiment of *noblesse oblige* and the highest commercial spirit (in its true essence) are happily blended. Somebody forged the Duke of Ossuña's name, appending it to a bill for 10,000 ducats. On the bill being presented, the duke saw that the signature was counterfeited, but paid the money at once. The name of Ossuña was not to be dishonoured by a rascal. It would be uncharitable to ask whether a second forged bill of the same amount would have been equally honoured. *Non omnia possumus.*

Talking of the Spanish aristocracy, it may be observed that the titled part of it is by no means so large as is supposed. The heads of noble families number about 2,000, and they alone, as a rule, bear titles. Even the eldest son of a duke (say of) Alicante would only be called Don Juan or Don Alfonso d'Alicante during his father's lifetime. The younger sons remain simple Dons—the Spanish equivalent of Esquires. As to the qualificatives of titles, they are lightly esteemed, inasmuch as even a beggar must be addressed as "Your Grace" (Merced). The superscription on an envelope addressed to a duke would be, "A l'excelentissimo Señor Duque de la Torre." So at least the wife of Marshal Serrano writes to her lord.

A Spanish title is an expensive luxury. An ordinary Castilian one costs 600*l*. The dignity of grandee is rated at 1,000*l*. With us a dukedom costs about 1,300*l*. or 1,400*l*. in fees to its recipient, and minor titles are rated in proportion: but then it is the first grantee of the honour alone who pays. In Spain the fine has to be renewed with each succession to the title. Moreover, it has to be paid in full on each separate title which a man may bear; e.g. a Duke of Richmond and Gordon, had he the blessing to be subject of his Catholic Majesty, would

have to pay 9,000*l.* into the Treasury on his accession to the family titles, which are nine in number. The Dukes of Ossuña and Medina Celi contribute 12,000*l.* or 15,000*l.* apiece to the necessities of Spain, every generation, merely under this particular head of taxation.

Grandees of Spain of the first class have the privilege of remaining covered in the presence of the sovereign, an honour enjoyed in the United Kingdom by Lord Kingsdale and Lord Forester. It may not be generally known that one great family, that of the Princes of Lara, are claimants to the Crown of Spain. They content themselves, however, with filing a protest at the accession of each new king or queen: after which record of their wrongs they return to cigarettes and leisure of a more or less dignified kind. Possibly, since Byron sang, the name of Lara is better known in Britain than Castile.

Italy has a power of nobles, mostly marquises when they are not princes. Some domains, notably that of San Donato (now in the market), confer titles. It was from his estate of San Donato that Count Anathole Demidoff, who married the Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, derived his style of Prince. Similarly the tenure of Arundel Castle confers an English earldom, but Parliament has taken very good care that it shall never be sold—at any rate till the heirs of the old earls are extinct, and their name is legion.

In the north of Italy the younger son of a marquis is generally styled simply “cavaliere,” *e.g.* “il Cavaliere Massimo d’Azeglio.” In Southern Italy, and in the Roman States, he would be accorded the same title as his father. A cadet of a princely family frequently contents himself with putting on his card his Christian and surname, adding “of the Princes of —;” thus, “Felice Barberini, de’ Principi Barberini,” often with a little princely coronet surmounting the whole.

Speaking of Massimo d’Azeglio reminds one of what excellent service the Piedmontese nobility have rendered their country. They were never wealthy as a class, nor attempted to vie with the aristocracy of France in splendour of hospitality; nor were they renowned for wit, or for exquisite polish of manner. But if Florence was the Athens, Turin was the Sparta, of Italy in the days of old. Piedmontese gentlemen were renowned for the hardy virtues, for courage, manliness of life, integrity, unswerving loyalty to their sovereign. If any one wishes to realise an idea of what the Italian character is at its best, he should read the “Life of the Marquis Costa de Beauregard,” which has been translated into English by Miss Yonge. The Marquis was all that a man can be—a good son, a trusty friend, a brave soldier, an ardent patriot, a humble-minded Christian. Had there been more of his stamp in Tuscany and Naples at the commencement of the century, Italy might have achieved her independence at the fall of Napoleon.

It has long been the fashion to sneer at Papal titles, it being commonly supposed that they can be had for the asking, and a lump sum down. This is an error, at all events as far as the later practice of the

Court of Rome. Titles have to be paid for, as everywhere, but they are not granted to any moneyed man who may choose to apply for one. Some zeal for the faith, some services rendered to the Church, or to humanity, must be proved before a candidate's claim can be admitted. Of course a fortune of the first magnitude will virtually command a title; but here, again, the Supreme Pontiffs are not more facile than an Emperor of Austria or even a Queen of England. The most famous house of banker-nobles in Rome is that of the Dukes and Princes Torlonia—for there are two lines, the ducal being the elder. The first duke was ennobled by Pius VII., who may very well have been under obligations to him. Shrewd in finance, he was otherwise dull, and prouder of his rank than ambitious to illustrate it by amiability or munificence. Still, he could be generous on occasion, and was sensible enough not to be ashamed of his humble origin. A young Roman noble was once playing for high stakes in his presence. Torlonia waited till he had won a considerable sum, then, stepping up to the gamester, and laying a hand on his shoulder, said in a fatherly way, "My son, it was not in that way that I made a fortune." It is amusing to read in the diary of the first Duke of Buckingham and Chandos how Torlonia humbly tendered his services to His Grace, not venturing to approach so great a man as an equal. The English duke received the advances of his Italian brother with extreme coldness, and even suspicion. "Evidently Torlonia wanted his connection."

The Roman nobility of to-day is smitten with Anglomania. They hunt, they dress as much as possible like Englishmen, and they talk English even among themselves, often, too, with the purest accent. This facility for pronouncing our language correctly is shared with them by the Maltese. The nobility of this little island, by the way, has given a good deal of trouble to English Governors and Secretaries of State. Lord Carnarvon finally accorded them a distinct official status, recognising the number of noble families as twelve. They take precedence among themselves by the dates of their patents, irrespective of titular rank—a baron of the seventeenth century ranking before a prince of the eighteenth.

All Monacans are noble, this distinction having been conferred on the inhabitants of the principality by the Emperor Charles II. The Republic of San Marino claims and exercises the right to confer titles. These are to be bought at reasonable prices, and with no troublesome examinations into character or antecedents. A year or two ago San Marino created an apothecary "Duc de Bruc," and named him "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary" to the French Republic. The Duke gave up the medical profession, announcing that he had been summoned to "high diplomatic functions," but was not above starting a kind of Universal Pill Company, of which His Grace constituted himself chairman. As usual, there was no lack of persons willing to take shares in the new enterprise.

A word as to the Belgian nobility. It must be divided into two classes: 1. Those who derive their titles from Emperors or from Kings of Spain; 2. Those ennobled by the King of the Netherlands (between 1815 and 1830), or by Leopold I. and his son. It is no disparagement to the latter to say that they derive their grandeur, like Cromwell, from themselves alone. As nobles, they are of no account. But the Duke of Orenberg, a mediatised prince of the empire, the Prince de Ligne (who is a Knight of the Golden Fleece), the Prince de Caraman-Chimay, and others, belong to the first order of European society. In fact their country is Europe, and they attach no more importance to the fact of their Belgian nationality than a Devonshire man amongst us would to the circumstance that he was born in the Queen of the Western counties. One D'Orenberg serves in the French army, a De Ligne in the Austrian. It is related of the present head of the Lignes (who is President of the Belgian Senate) that he once took his hat off (quite for his own convenience) in the presence of a German Grand-Duke. "Cover yourself, Prince," affably commanded the Serenity. "Cover myself!" replied the Prince de Ligne. "I shall cover myself when I please."

Nobility in Belgium, as in Russia, can be conferred for life. Needless to say, no true herald could take cognisance of such blazonry. The very essence of nobility has always consisted in its hereditary character. Sir Bernard Burke discusses the question as to whether the son or daughter of a "Lord of Appeal in Ordinary" (who is a baron for life) can assume the style of "Honourable," and inclines to the opinion that they cannot. A peer accused of felony must be tried by his peers; a bishop, though a "lord of Parliament, is tried by an ordinary jury as not having the privilege of nobility." Why? Simply because his dignity is not hereditary.

Russia has 650,000 hereditary nobles, and 380,000 whose nobility expires with them. But a noble has few, if any, civil privileges as such. He must enter the army or the civil service to obtain precedence in society. There are ten grades in the civil service roughly corresponding to the ten grades of commissioned officers in the army, and military or civil appointments alone confer social standing in Russia. The priesthood is more despised than was the Anglican clergy under the later Stuarts. Only the metropolitans, archbishops, and other high dignitaries are accorded any sort of honour.

Most countries constitutionally governed entrust the legislative power to an assembly composed of two chambers. In England alone is one chamber almost entirely composed of hereditary members. Nevertheless the hereditary principle is recognised to a limited extent in some other countries. The Austrian Upper House is thus made up: Arch-dukes who are of age (now thirteen in number), fifty-three hereditary nobles, seventeen archbishops and prince-bishops, and 105 life-members.

The Prussian House of Lords has also a considerable hereditary element in it; so has the Upper Chamber of the Spanish Cortes, of which

Princes of the Blood and Grantees of the first class are members by birth.

It is worthy of note that the Duc de Broglie, who once drew up a constitution for France, while dividing the legislature in two, according to the approved method, did not venture, even with a restored monarchy in view, to introduce an hereditary element into the Upper House. He frankly avows, in the preamble to his Project of Law, that such an institution as that of hereditary law-makers would be impossible in the France of to-day. The Duke's authority on such a point is unimpeachable. And from all one can see, the axiom he lays down will soon be true of every country on the continent of Europe. In a word, foreign titles are fast becoming purely ornamental appendages to large fortunes, and incumbrances on small ones.

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Faustus and Helena.

NOTES ON THE SUPERNATURAL IN ART.

THERE is a story, well known throughout the sixteenth century, which tells how Doctor Faustus of Wittenberg, having made over his soul to the fiend, employed him to raise the ghost of Helen of Sparta, in order that she might become his paramour. The story has no historic value, no scientific meaning; it lacks the hoary dignity of the tales of heroes and demigods, wrought, vague and colossal forms, out of cloud and sunbeam, of those tales narrated and heard by generations of men deep hidden in the stratified ruins of lost civilisations, carried in the migrations of races from India to Hellas and to Scandinavia. Compared with them, this tale of Faustus and Helena is paltry and brand-new; it is not a myth, nay, scarcely a legend; it is a mere trifling incident added by humanistic pedantry to the ever-changing mediæval story of the man who barter his soul for knowledge, the wizard, alchemist, philosopher, printer, Albertus, Bacon, or Faustus. It is a part, an unessential, subordinate fragment, valued in its day neither more nor less than any other part of the history of Doctor Faustus; narrated cursorily by the biographer of the wizard, overlooked by some of the ballad-rhymers, alternately used and rejected by the playwrights of puppet-shows; given by Marlowe himself no greater importance than the other marvellous deeds, the juggling tricks and magic journeys of his hero.

But for us the incident of Faustus and Helena has a meaning, a fascination wholly different from any other portion of the story: the other incidents owe everything to artistic treatment; this one owes nothing. The wizard Faustus, awaiting the hour which will give him over to Hell, is the creation of Marlowe; Gretchen is even more completely the creation of Goethe; the fiend of the Englishman is occasionally grand, the fiend of the German is throughout masterly; in all these cases we are in the presence of true artistic work, of stuff rendered valuable solely by the hand of the artist, of figures well defined and finite, and limited also in their power over the imagination. But the group of Faustus and Helena is different; it belongs neither to Marlowe nor to Goethe, it belongs to the legend. It does not give the complete and limited satisfaction of a work of art; it has the charm of the fantastic and fitful shapes formed by the flickering firelight or the wreathing mists; it haunts like some vague strain of music, drowsily heard in half-sleep. It fills the fancy, it oscillates and transforms itself; the artist may see it, attempt

to seize and embody it for evermore in a definite and enduring shape, but it vanishes out of his grasp, and the forms which should have inclosed it are mere empty sepulchres, haunted and charmed merely by the evoking power of our own imagination. If we are fascinated by the Lady Helen of Marlowe, walking, like some Florentine goddess, with embroidered kirtle and madonna face, across the study of the old wizard of Wittenberg; if we are pleased by the stately pseudo-antique Helena of Goethe, draped in the drapery of Thorwaldsen's statues and speaking the language of Goethe's own Iphigenia, as she meets the very modern Faust, gracefully masked in mediæval costume; if we find in these attempts, the one unthinking and imperfect, the other laboured and abortive, something which delights our fancy, it is because our thoughts wander off from them and evoke a Faustus and Helena of our own, different from the creations of Marlowe and of Goethe; it is because in these definite and imperfect artistic forms, there yet remains the suggestion of the subject with all its power over the imagination. We forget Marlowe and we forget Goethe, to follow up the infinite suggestion of the legend; we cease to see the Elizabethan and the pseudo-antique Helen; we lift our imagination from the book and see the mediæval street at Wittenberg, the gabled house of Faustus, all sculptured with quaint devices and grotesque forms of apes and cherubs and flowers; we penetrate through the low brown rooms, filled with musty books and mysterious ovens and retorts, redolent with strange scents of alchemy, to that innermost secret chamber, where the old wizard hides, in the depths of his mediæval house, the immortal woman, the god-born, the fatal, the beloved of Theseus and Paris and Achilles; we are blinded by this sunshine of antiquity pent up in the oaken-panelled chamber, such as Dürer might have etched; and all around we hear circulating the mysterious rumours of the neighbours, of the burghers and students, whispering shyly of Dr. Faustus and his strange guest, in the beer cellars and in the cloisters of the old university town. And gazing thus into the fantastic intellectual mist which has risen up between us and the book we were reading, be it Marlowe or Goethe, we cease after a while to see Faustus or Helena, we perceive only a chaotic fluctuation of incongruous shapes: scholars in furred robes and caps pulled over their ears, burghers' wives with high sugar-loaf coif and slashed boddices, with hands demurely folded over their prayer-books, and knights in armour and immense plumes, and haggling Jews and tonsured monks, descended out of the panels of Wohlgemüth and the engravings of Dürer, mingling with, changing into, processions of naked athletes on foaming short-maned horses, of draped Athenian maidens, carrying baskets and sickles, and priests bearing oil-jars and torches, all melting into each other, indistinct, confused like the images in a dream; vague crowds, phantoms following in the wake of the spectre woman of antiquity, beautiful, unimpassioned, ever young, luring to Hell the wizard of the Middle Ages.

Why does all this vanish as soon as we once more fix our eyes upon

the book? Why can our fancy show us more than can the artistic genius of Marlowe and of Goethe? Why does Marlowe, believing in Helen as a satanic reality, and Goethe, striving after her as an artistic vision, equally fail to satisfy us? The question is intricate: it requires a threefold answer, dependent on the fact that this tale of Faustus and Helena is in fact a tale of the supernatural—a weird and colossal ghost-story in which the actors are the spectre of Antiquity, ever young, beautiful, radiant, though risen from the putrescence of two thousand years, and the Middle Ages, alive, but toothless, palsied, and tottering. Why neither Marlowe nor Goethe have succeeded in giving a satisfactory artistic shape to this tale is explained by the necessary relations between art and the supernatural, between our creative power and our imaginative faculty; why Marlowe has failed in one manner and Goethe in another is explained by the fact that, as we said, for the first the tale was a supernatural reality, for the second a supernatural fiction.

What are the relations between art and the supernatural? At first sight the two appear closely allied: like the supernatural, art is born of imagination; the supernatural, like art, conjures up unreal visions. The two have been intimately connected during the great ages of the supernatural, when instead of existing merely in a few disputed traditional dogmas, and in a little discredited traditional folklore, it constituted the whole of religion and a great part of philosophy. Gods and demons, saints and spectres, have afforded at least one-half of the subjects for art. The supernatural, in the shape of religious mythology, had art bound in its service in Antiquity and the Middle Ages; the supernatural, in the shape of spectral fancies, regained its dominion over art with the advent of romanticism. From the gods of the *Iliad* down to the Commander in *Don Giovanni*, from the sylvan divinities of Praxiteles to the fairies of Shakespeare, from the Furies of Æschylus to the Archangels of Perugino, the supernatural and the artistic have constantly appeared linked together. Yet, in reality, the hostility between the supernatural and the artistic is well-nigh as great as the hostility between the supernatural and the logical. Critical reason is a solvent, it reduces the phantoms of the imagination to their most prosaic elements; artistic power, on the other hand, moulds and solidifies them into distinct and palpable forms: the synthetical definiteness of art is as sceptical as the analytical definiteness of logic. For the supernatural is necessarily essentially vague, and art is necessarily essentially distinct: give shape to the vague and it ceases to exist. The task set to the artist by the dreamer, the prophet, the priest, the ghost-seer of all times, is as difficult, though in the opposite sense, as that by which the little girl in the Venetian fairy tale sought to test the omnipotence of the emperor. She asked him for a very humble dish, quite simple and not costly—a pat of butter broiled on a gridiron. The emperor desired his cook to place the butter on the gridiron and light the fire; all was going well, when, behold!

the butter began to melt, trickled off, and vanished. The artists were asked to paint, or model, or narrate the supernatural; they set about the work in good conscience; but see, the supernatural became the natural, the gods turned into men, the madonnas into mere mothers, the angels into armed striplings, the phantoms into mere creatures of flesh and blood.

There are in reality two sorts of supernatural, although only one really deserves the name. A great number of beliefs in all mythologies are in reality mere scientific errors—abortive attempts to explain phenomena by causes with which they have no connection—the imagination plays not more part in them than in any other sort of theorising, and the notions that unlucky accidents are due to a certain man's glance, that certain formulæ will bring rain or sunshine, that miraculous images will dispel pestilence, and kings of England cure epilepsy, must be classed under the head of mistaken generalisations, not very different in point of fact from exploded scientific theories, such as Descartes' vortices, or the innate ideas of scholasticism. That there was a time when animals spoke with human voice may seem to us a piece of fairy-lore, but it was in its day a scientific hypothesis as brilliant and satisfying as Darwin's theory of evolution. We must, therefore, in examining the relations between art and the supernatural, eliminate as far as possible this species of scientific speculation, and consider only that supernatural which really deserves the name, which is beyond and outside the limits of the possible, the rational, the explicable—that supernatural which is due not to the logical faculties, arguing from wrong premisses, but to the imagination wrought upon by certain kinds of physical surroundings. The divinity of the earlier races is in some measure a mistaken scientific hypothesis of the sort we have described, an attempt to explain phenomena otherwise inexplicable. But it is much more: it is the effect on the imagination of certain external impressions, it is those impressions brought to a focus, personified, but personified vaguely, in a fluctuating, ever-changing manner; the personification being continually altered, reinforced, blurred out, enlarged, restricted by new series of impressions from without, even as the shape which we puzzle out of congregated cloud-masses fluctuates with their every movement—a shifting vapour now obliterates the form, now compresses it into greater distinctness: the wings of the fantastic monster seem now flapping leisurely, now extending bristling like a griffin's; at one moment it has a beak and talons, at others a mane and hoofs; the breeze, the sunlight, the moonbeam, form, alter, and obliterate it.

Thus is it with the supernatural: the gods, moulded out of cloud and sunlight and darkness, are for ever changing, fluctuating between a human or animal shape, god or goddess, cow, ape, or horse, and the mere natural phenomenon which impresses the fancy. Pan is the weird, shaggy, cloven-footed shape which the goatherd or the huntsman has seen gliding among the bushes in the grey twilight; his is the piping

heard in the tangle of reeds, marsh lily, and knotted nightshade by the river side : but Pan is also the wood, with all its sights and noises, the solitude, the gloom, the infinity of rustling leaves, and cracking branches ; he is the greenish-yellow light stealing in amid the boughs ; he is the breeze in the foliage, the murmur of unseen waters, the mist hanging over the damp sward ; the ferns and grasses which entangle the feet, the briars which catch in the hair and garments are his grasp ; and the wanderer dashes through the thickets with a sickening fear in his heart, and sinks down on the outskirts of the forest, gasping, with sweat-clotted hair, overcome by this glimpse of the great god.

In this constant renewal of the impressions on the fancy, in this unceasing shaping and reshaping of its creations, consisted the vitality of the myths of paganism, from the scorching and pestilence-bearing gods of India to the divinities shaped out of tempest and snowdrift of Scandinavia ; they were constantly issuing out of the elements, renewed, changed, ever young, under the exorcism not only of the priest and of the poet, but of the village boor ; and on this unceasing renovation depended the sway which they maintained, without ethical importance to help them. Scholastic theology, born in an age of speculation and eclecticism, removed its mystic figures out of the cosmic surroundings of paganism ; it forbade the imagination to touch or alter them, it regularised, defined, explained, placed the saints and angels in a kind of supersensuous world of logic, logic adapted to Heaven, and different therefore from the logic of earth, but logic none the less. Thus the genuine supernatural was well-nigh banished, regulated as it was by a sort of congress of men of science, who eliminated, to the best of their powers, any vagaries of the imagination which might show themselves in their mystico-logic system. But the imagination did work nevertheless, and the supernatural did reappear. The Heaven of theology was too ethical, too logical, too positive, too scientific, in accordance with the science of the Middle Ages, for the minds of humanity at large ; the scholars and learned clergy might study and expound it, but it was insufficient for the ignorant. The imagination reappeared once more. To the monk arose, out of the silence and gloom of the damp, lichen-grown crypt, out of the fetid emanations of the charnel-house, strange forms of horror which lurked in his steps and haunted his sleep after fasting and scourging and vigils : devils and imps horrible and obscene, which the chisel of the stonecutter vainly attempted to reproduce, in their fluctuating abomination, on the capitals and gargoyles of cloister and cathedral. To the artisan, the weaver pent up in some dark cellar into which the daylight stole grey and faint from the narrow strip of blue sky between the overhanging eaves, for him, the hungry and toil-worn and weary of soul, there arose out of the hum of the street above, out of the half-lit dust, the winter damp and summer suffocation of the underground workshop, visions and sounds of sweetness

and glory, misty clusters of white-robed angels shedding radiance around them, swaying in mystic linked dances; mingling with the sordid noises of toil seraphic harmonies, now near, now dying away into distance, voices singing of the sunshine and flowers of Paradise. And for others, for the lean and tattered peasant, with the dull, apathetic resignation of the starved and goaded ox or horse, sleeping on the damp clay of his hut and eating strange flourless bread, and stranger carrion flesh, there comes a world of the supernatural, different from that of the monk or the artisan, at once terrifying and consoling: the divinities cast out by Christianity, the divinities for ever newly begotten by nature, but begotten of a nature miserably changed, born in exile and obloquy and persecution, fostered by the wretched and the brutified; differing from the gods of antiquity as the desolate heath, barren of all save stones and prickly furze and thistle, differs from the fertile pasture-land; as the forests planted over the corn-field, whence issue wolves and the Baron's harvest-trampling horses, differ from the forests which gave their oaks and pines to Tyrian ships; divinities warped, and crippled, grown hideous and malignant and unhappy in the likeness of their miserable votaries.

This is the real supernatural, born of the imagination and its surroundings, the vital, the fluctuating, the potent; and it is this which the artist of every age, from Phidias to Giotto, from Giotto to Blake, has been called upon to make known to the multitude. And there had been artistic work going on unnoticed long before the time of any painter or sculptor or poet of whom we have any record; mankind longed from the first to embody, to fix its visions of wonder, it set to work with rough unskilful fingers moulding into shape its divinities. Rude work, ugly, barbarous: blundering scratchings on walls, kneaded clay vessels, notched sticks, nonsense rhymes; but work nevertheless which already showed that art and the supernatural were at variance; the beaked and clawed figures outlined on the wall were compromises between the man and the beast, but definite compromises—so much and no more of the man, so much and no more of the beast; the goddess on the clay vessels became a mere little owl; the divinities even in the nonsense verses were presented now as very distinct cows, now as very distinct clouds, or very distinct men and women; the vague, fluctuating impressions oscillating before the imagination like the colours of a dove's wing or the pattern of a shot silk, interwoven, unsteady, never completely united into one, never completely separated into several, were rudely seized, disentangled by art; part was taken, part thrown aside; what remained was homogeneous, definite, unchanging; it was what it was, and could never be aught else.

Goethe has remarked, with a subjective simplicity of irreverence which is almost comical, that as God created man in his image, it was only fair that man, in his turn, should create God in *his* image. But the decay of pagan belief was not, as Hegel imagines, due to the fact

that Hellenic art was anthropomorphic. The gods ceased to be gods not merely because they became too like men, but because they became too like anything definite. If the ibis on the amulet, or the owl on the terra-cotta, represents a more vital belief in the gods than does the Venus of Milo or the Giustiniani Minerva, it is not because the idea of divinity is more compatible with an ugly bird than with a beautiful woman; but because whereas the beautiful woman, exquisitely wrought by a consummate sculptor, occupied the mind of the artist and of the beholder with the idea of her beauty, to the exclusion of all else, the rudely-engraved ibis, or the badly-modelled owlet, on the other hand, served merely as a symbol, as the recaller of an idea; the mind did not pause in contemplation of the bird, but wandered off in search of the god: the goggle eyes of the owl and the beak of the ibis were soon forgotten in the contemplation of the vague, ever transmuted visions of phenomena of sky and light, of semi-human and semi-bestial shapes, of confused half-embodied forces; in short, of the supernatural. But the human shape did most mischief to the supernatural merely because the human shape was the most absolute, the most distinct of all shapes: a god might be symbolised as a beast, but he could only be portrayed as a man; and if the portrait was correct, then the god was a man, and nothing more. Even the most fantastic among pagan supernatural creatures, those strange monsters who longest kept their original dual nature—the centaurs, satyrs, and tritons—became beneath the chisel of the artist mere aberrations from the normal, rare and curious types like certain fair-booth phenomena, but perfectly intelligible and rational; the very Chimæra, she who was to give her name to every sort of unintelligible fancy, became, in the bas-reliefs of the story of Bellerophon a mere singular mixture between a lion, a dog, and a bird—a cross-breed which happens not to be possible, but which an ancient might well have conceived as adorning some distant zoological collection. How much more rationalised were not the divinities in whom only a peculiar shape of the eye, a certain structure of the leg, or a definite fashion of wearing the hair, remained of their former nature? Learned men, indeed, tell us that we need only glance at Hera to see that she is at bottom a cow; at Apollo, to recognise that he is but a stag in human shape; or at Zeus, to recognise that he is, in point of fact, a lion. Yet it remains true that we need only walk down the nearest street to meet ten ordinary men and women who look more like various animals than do any antique divinities, and who can yet never be said to be in reality cows, stags, or lions. The same applies to the violent efforts which are constantly being made to show in the Greek and Latin poets a distinct recollection of the cosmic nature of the gods, construing the very human movements, looks, and dress of divinities into meteorological phenomena, as has been done even by Mr. Ruskin, in his *Queen of the Air*, despite his artist's sense, which should have warned him that no artistic figure, like Homer's divinities, can possibly be at the same time a woman and a

whirlwind. The gods did originally partake of the character of cosmic phenomena, as they partook of the characters of beasts and birds, and of every other species of transformation, such as we may watch in dreams; but as soon as they were artistically embodied this transformation ceased, the nature had to be specified in proportion as the form became distinct; and the drapery of Pallas, although it had inherited its purple tint from the storm-cloud, was none the less, when it clad the shoulders of the goddess, not a storm-cloud, but a piece of purple linen. "What do you want of me?" asks the artist. "A god," answers the believer. "What is your god to be like?" asks the artist. "My god is to be a very handsome warrior, a serene heaven, which is occasionally overcast with clouds, which clouds are sometimes very beneficial, and become (and so does the god at those moments) heavy-uddered cows; at others they are dark, and cause annoyance, and then they capture the god, who is the light (but he is also the clouds, remember), and lock him up in a tower, and then he frees himself, and he is a neighing horse, and he is sitting on the prancing horse (which is himself, you know, and is the sky too), in the shape of two warriors, and also—" "May Cerberus devour you!" cries the artist. "How can I represent all this? Do you want a warrior, or a cow, or the heavens, or a horse; or do you want a warrior with the hoofs of a horse and the horns of a cow? Explain, for, by Juno, I can give you only one of these at a time."

Thus, in proportion as the gods were subjected to artistic manipulation, whether by sculptor or poet, they lost their supernatural powers. A period there doubtless was when the gods stood out quite distinct from nature, and yet remained connected with it, as the figures of a high relief stand out from the background; but gradually they were freed from the chaos of impressions which had given them birth, and then, little by little, they ceased to be gods; they were isolated from the world of the wonderful, they were respectfully shelved off into the region of the ideal, where they were contemplated, admired, discussed, but not worshipped, even like their statues by Praxiteles and their pictures by Parrhasius. The divinities who continued to be revered were the rustic divinities and the foreign gods and goddesses; the divinities which had been safe from the artistic desecration of the cities, and the divinities which were imported from hieratic, unartistic countries like Egypt and Syria; on the one hand, the gods shaped with the pruning-knife out of figwood, and stained with ochre or wine-lees, grotesque mannikins, standing like scarecrows, in orchard or corn-field, to which the peasants crowded in devout procession, leading their cleanly-dressed little ones, and carrying gifts of fruit and milk, while the listless Tibullus, fresh from sceptical Rome, looked on from his doorstep, a vague, childish veneration stealing over his mind; on the other hand, the monstrous goddesses, hundred-breasted or ibis-headed, half hidden in the Syrian and Egyptian temples, surrounded by mysterious priests, swarthy or effeminate, in mitres and tawny robes, jangling their sistra

and clashing their cymbals, moving in mystic or frenzied dances, weird, obscene, and unearthly, to the melancholy drone of Phrygian or Egyptian music, sending a shudder through the atheist Catullus, and filling his mind with ghastly visions of victims of the great goddess, bleeding, fainting, lashed on to madness by the wrath of the terrible divinity. These were the last survivors of paganism, and to their protection clung the old gods of Greece and Rome, reduced to human level by art, stripped naked by sculptor and poet, and muffling themselves in the homely or barbaric garments of low-born or outlandish usurpers. Art had been a worse enemy than scepticism; Apelles and Scopas had done more mischief than Epicurus.

Christian art was perhaps more reverent in intention, but not less desecrating in practice; even the Giottesques turned Christ, the Virgin, and the Saints, into mere Florentine men and women; even Angelico himself, although a saint, was unable to show Paradise except as a flowery meadow, under a highly gilded sky, through which moved ladies and youths in most artistic but most earthly embroidered garments; and Hell except as a very hot place where men and women were being boiled and broiled and baked and fried and roasted, by very comic little weasel-snouted fiends, which on a carnival car would have made Florentines roar with laughter. The real supernatural was in the cells of fever-stricken, starved visionaries; it was in the contagions awe of the crowd sinking down at the sight of the stained napkin of Bolsena; in that soiled piece of linen was Christ, and God, and Paradise; in that, and not in the panels of Angelico and Perugino, or in the frescoes of Signorelli and Filippino.

Why? Because the supernatural is nothing but ever-renewed impressions, ever-shifting fancies; and that art is the definer, the embodier, the analytic and synthetic force of form. Every artistic embodiment of impressions or fancies implies isolation of those impressions or fancies, selection, combination and balancing of them; that is to say, diminution—nay, destruction of their inherent power. As, in order to be moulded, the clay must be separated from the mound; as, in order to be carved, the wood must be cut off from the tree; as, in order to be reshaped by art, the mass of atoms must be rudely severed; so also the mental elements of art, the mood, the fancy, must be severed from the preceding and succeeding moods of fancies; artistic manipulation requires that its intellectual, like its tangible materials, cease to be vital. But the materials, mental or physical, are not only deprived of vitality and power of self-alteration: they are combined in given proportions, the action of the one on the other destroys in great part the special power of each; art is proportion, and proportion is restriction. Last of all, but most important, these isolated, no longer vital materials, neutralised by each other, are further reduced to insignificance by becoming parts of a whole conception; their separate meaning is effaced by the general meaning of the work of art; art bottles lightning to use

it as white colour, and measures out thunder by the beat of the chapel-master's roll of notes. But art does not merely restrict impressions and fancies within the limits of form; in its days of maturity and independence it restricts yet closer within the limits of beauty. Partially developed art, still unconscious of its powers and aims, still in childish submission to religion, sets to work conscientiously, with no other object than to embody the supernatural; if the supernatural suffers in the act of embodiment, if the fluctuating fancies which are Zeus or Pallas are limited and curtailed, rendered logical and prosaic even in the wooden prehistoric idol or the roughly kneaded clay owlet, it is by no choice of the artist—his attempt is abortive, because it is thwarted by the very nature of his art. But when art is mature, things are different; the artist, conscious of his powers, instinctively recognising the futility of aiming at the embodiment of the supernatural, dragged by an irresistible longing to the display of his skill, to the imitation of the existing and to the creation of beauty, ceases to strain after the impossible, and refuses to attempt anything beyond the possible. The art, which was before a mere insufficient means, is now an all-engrossing aim; unconsciously, perhaps, to himself, the artist regards the subject merely as a pretext for the treatment; and where the subject is opposed to such treatment as he desires, he sacrifices it. He may be quite as conscientious as his earliest predecessor, but his conscience has become an artistic conscience, he sees only as much as is within art's limits; the gods, or the saints, which were cloudy and supernatural to the artist of immature art, are definite and artistic to the artist of mature art; he can think, imagine, feel only in a given manner; his religious conceptions have taken the shape of his artistic creations; art has destroyed the supernatural, and the artist has swallowed up the believer. The attempts at supernatural effects are almost always limited to a sort of symbolical abbreviation, which satisfies the artist and his public respecting the subject of the work, and lends it a traditional association with the supernatural; a few spikes round the head of a young man are all that remains of the solar nature of Apollo; the little budding horns and pointed ears of the satyr must suffice to recall that he was once a mystic fusion of man and beast and forest; a gilded disc behind the head is all that shows that Giotto's figures are immortals in glory; and a pair of wings is all that explains that Perugino's St. Michael is not a mere dainty mortal warrior; the highest mysteries of Christianity are despatched with a triangle and an open book, to draw which Raphael might employ his colour-grinder, while he himself drew the finely-draped baker's daughter from Trastevere.

If we would bring home to ourselves the action of art on the supernatural, we must examine the only species of supernatural which still retains vitality, and can still be deprived of it by art. That which remains to us of the imaginative workings of the past is traditional and well-nigh effete: we have poems and pictures, Vedic hymns,

and Egyptian symbols; we have folklore and dogma; remnants of the supernatural, some labelled in our historic museums, where they are scrutinised, catalogue and eye-glass in hand; others dusty on altars and in chapels, before which we uncover our heads and cast down our eyes; relics of dead and dying faiths, of which some are daily being transferred from the church to the museum; art cannot deprive any of these of that imaginative life and power which they have long ceased to possess. We have forms of the supernatural in which we believe from acquiescence of habit, but they are not vital; we have a form of the supernatural in which, from logic and habit, we disbelieve, but which is vital; and this form of the supernatural is the ghostly. We none of us believe in ghosts as logical possibilities, but we most of us conceive them as imaginative probabilities; we can still feel the ghostly, and thence it is that a ghost is the only thing which can in any respect replace for us the divinities of old, and enable us to understand, if only for a minute, the imaginative power which they possessed, and of which they were despoiled not only by logic, but by art. By *ghost* we do not mean the vulgar apparition which is seen or heard in told or written tales; we mean the ghost which slowly rises up in our mind; the haunter, not of corridors and staircases, but of our fancies. Just as the gods of primitive religions were the undulating bright heat which made midday solitary and solemn as midnight; the warm damp, the sap-riser and expander of life; the sad dying away of the summer, and the leaden, suicidal sterility of winter; so the ghost, their only modern equivalent, is the damp, the darkness, the silence, the solitude; a ghost is the sound of our steps through a ruined cloister, where the ivy-berries and convolvulus growing in the fissures sway up and down among the sculptured foliage of the windows, it is the scent of mouldering plaster and mouldering bones from beneath the broken pavement; a ghost is the bright moonlight against which the cypresses stand out like black hearse-plumes, in which the blasted grey olives and the gnarled fig-trees stretch their branches over the broken walls like fantastic, knotted, beckoning fingers, and the abandoned villas on the outskirts of Italian towns, with the birds flying in and out of the unglazed windows, loom forth white and ghostly; a ghost is the long-closed room of one long dead, the faint smell of withered flowers, the rustle of long-unmoved curtains, the yellow paper and faded ribbons of long-unread letters . . . each and all of these things, and a hundred others besides, according to our nature, is a ghost, a vague feeling we can scarcely describe, a something pleasing and terrible which invades our whole consciousness, and which, confusedly embodied, we half dread to see behind us, we know not in what shape, if we look round.

Call we in our artist, or let us be our own artist; embody, let us see or hear this ghost, let it become visible or audible to others besides ourselves; paint us that vagueness, mould into shape that darkness, modulate into chords that silence—tell us the character and history of those vague

beings set to work boldly or cunningly. What do we obtain? A picture, a piece of music, a story; but the ghost is gone. In its stead we get oftenest the mere image of a human being; call it a ghost if you will, it is none. And the more complete the artistic work, the less remains of the ghost. Why do those stories affect us most in which the ghost is heard but not seen? Why do those places affect us most of which we merely vaguely know that they are haunted? Why most of all those which look as if they might be haunted? Why, as soon as a figure is seen, is the charm half-lost? And why, even when there is a figure, is it kept so vague and mist-like? Would you know Hamlet's father for a ghost unless he told you he was one, and can you remember it long while he speaks in mortal words? and what would be Hamlet's father without the terrace of Elsinore, the hour, and the moonlight. Do not these embodied ghosts owe what little effect they still possess to their surroundings, and are not the surroundings the real ghost? Throw sunshine on to them, and what remains?

Thus we have wandered through the realm of the supernatural in a manner neither logical nor business-like, for logic and business-likeness are rude qualities, and scare away the ghostly; very far away do we seem to have rambled from Dr. Faustus and Helen of Sparta; but in this labyrinth of the fantastic there are sudden unexpected turns—and see, one of these has suddenly brought us back into their presence. For we have seen why the supernatural is always injured by artistic treatment, why therefore the confused images evoked in our mind by the mere threadbare tale of Faustus and Helena are superior in imaginative power to the picture carefully elaborated and shown us by Goethe. We can now understand why under his hand the infinite charm of the weird meeting of Antiquity and the Middle Ages has evaporated. We can explain why the strange fancy of the classic Walpurgis-night, in the second part of *Faust*, at once stimulates the imagination and gives it nothing. If we let our mind dwell on that mysterious Pharsalian plain, with its glimmering fires and flamelets alone breaking the darkness, where Faust and Mephistopheles wandering about meet the spectres of Antiquity, shadowy in the gloom—the sphinxes crouching, the sirens, the dryads and oreads, the griffons and cranes flapping their unseen wings overhead; where Faust springs on the back of Chiron, and as he is borne along sickens for sudden joy when the centaur tells him that Helen has been carried on that back, has clasped that neck; when we let our mind work on all this, we are charmed by the weird meetings, the mysterious shapes which elbow us; but let us take up the volume and we return to barren prose, without colour or perfume. Yet Goethe felt the supernatural as we feel it, as it can be felt only in days of disbelief, when, the more logical we become in our ideas, the more we view nature as a prosaic machine constructed by no one in particular, the more poignantly, on the other hand, do we feel the delight of the transient belief in the vague and the impossible; when, the greater

the distinctness with which we see and understand all around us, the greater the longing for a momentary half-light in which forms may appear stranger, grander, vaguer than they are. We moderns seek in the world of the supernatural a renewal of the delightful semi-obscurity of vision and keenness of fancy of our childhood; when a glimpse into fairyland was still possible, when things appeared in false lights, brighter, more important, more magnificent than now. Art indeed can afford us calm and clear enjoyment of the beautiful—enjoyment serious, self-possessed, wideawake, such as befits mature intellects; but no picture, no symphony, no poem, can give us that delight, that delusory, imaginative pleasure which we received as children from a tawdry engraving or a hideous doll; for around that doll there was an atmosphere of glory. In certain words, in certain sights, in certain snatches of melody, words, sights and sounds which we now recognise as trivial, commonplace, and vulgar, there was an ineffable meaning; they were spells which opened doors into realms of wonder; they were precious in proportion as they were misappreciated. We now appreciate and despise: we see, we no longer imagine. And it is to replace this uncertainty of vision, this liberty of seeing in things much more than there is, which belongs to man and to mankind in its childhood, which compensated the Middle Ages for starvation and pestilence, and compensates the child for blows and lessons; it is to replace this that we crave after the supernatural, the ghostly—no longer believed, but still felt. It was from this sickness of the prosaic, this turning away from logical certainty, that the men of the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of this century, the men who had finally destroyed belief in the religious supernatural, who were bringing light with new sciences of economy, philology, and history—Schiller, Goethe, Herder, Coleridge—left the lecture-room and the laboratory, and set gravely to work on ghostly tales and ballads. It was from this rebellion against the tyranny of the possible that Goethe was charmed with that culmination of all impossibilities, that most daring of ghost stories, the story of Faustus and Helena. He felt the seduction of the supernatural, he tried to embody it—and he failed.

The case was different with Marlowe. The bringing together of Faustus and Helena had no special meaning for the man of the sixteenth century, too far from antiquity and too near the Middle Ages to perceive as we do the strange difference between them; and the supernatural had no fascination in a time when it was all permeating and everywhere mixed with prose. The whole play of *Dr. Faustus* is conceived in a thoroughly realistic fashion; it is tragic, but not ghostly. To Marlowe's audience, and probably to Marlowe himself, despite his atheistic reputation, the story of Faustus's wonders and final damnation was quite within the realm of the possible; the intensity of the belief in the tale is shown by the total absence of any attempt to give it dignity or weirdness. Faustus evokes Lucifer with a pedantic semi-biblical Latin speech; he goes about playing the most trumpery conjuror's tricks—snatching

with invisible hands the food from people's lips, clapping horns and tails on to courtiers for the Emperor's amusement, letting his legs be pulled off like boots, selling wisps of straw as horses, doing and saying things which could appear tragic and important, nay, even serious, only to people who took every second cat for a witch, who burned their neighbours for vomiting pins, who suspected devils at every turn, as the great witch-expert Sprenger shows them in his horribly matter-of-fact manual. We moderns, disbelieving in devilries, would require the most elaborately romantic and poetic accessories—a splendid lurid background, a magnificent Byronian invocation of the fiend. The Mephistophilis of Marlowe, in those days when devils still dwelt in people, required none of Goethe's wit or poetry; the mere fact of his being a devil, with the very real association of flame and brimstone in this world and the next, was sufficient to inspire interest in him; whereas in 1800, with Voltaire's novels and Hume's treatises on the table, a dull devil was no more endurable than any other sort of bore. The very superiority of Marlowe is due to this absence of weirdness, to this complete realism; the last scene of the English play is infinitely above the end of the second part of *Faust* in tragic grandeur, just because Goethe made abortive attempts after a conscious and artificial supernatural, while Marlowe was satisfied with perfect reality of situation. The position of Faustus, when the years of his pact have expired, and he awaits midnight, which will give him over to Lucifer, is as thoroughly natural in the eyes of Marlowe as is in the eyes of Shelley the position of Beatrice Cenci awaiting the moment of execution. The conversation between Faustus and the scholars, after he has made his will, is terribly life-like; they disbelieve at first, pooh-pooh his danger, then, half-convinced, beg that a priest may be fetched; but Faustus cannot deal with priests. He bids them, in agony, go pray in the next room. "Ay, pray for me, pray for me, and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can save me. . . . Gentlemen, farewell; if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell." Faustus remains alone for the one hour which separates him from his doom; he clutches at the passing time, he cries to the hours to stop with no rhetorical figure of speech, but with a terrible reality of agony:

Let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.

Time to repent, time to recoil from the horrible gulf into which he is being sucked. He would leap up to heaven and cling fast, but Lucifer drags him down. He would seek annihilation in nature, be sucked into its senseless, feelingless mass, . . . and meanwhile the time is passing, the interval of respite is shrinking and dwindling. Would that he were a soulless brute and might perish, or that at least eternal hell were finite—a thousand, a hundred thousand years let him suffer, but not for ever and without end! Midnight begins strik-

ing. With convulsive agony he exclaims, as the rain patters against the window :

O soul, be changed into small water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found.

But the twelfth stroke sounds ; Lucifer and his crew enter ; and when next morning the students, frightened by the horrible tempest and ghastly noises of the night, enter his study, they find Faustus lying dead, torn and mangled by the demon. All this is not supernatural in our sense ; such scenes as this were real for Marlowe and his audience. Such cases were surely not unfrequent ; more than one man certainly watched through such a night in hopeless agony, conscious like Faustus of pact with the fiend—awaiting, with earth and heaven shut and bolted against him, eternal hell.

In this story of Doctor Faustus, which, to Marlowe and his contemporaries, was not a romance but a reality, the episode of the evoking of Helen is extremely secondary in interest. To raise a dead woman was not more wonderful than to turn wisps of straw into horses, and it was perhaps considered the easier of the two miracles ; the sense of the ordinary ghostly is absent, and the sense that Helen is the ghost of a whole long-dead civilisation, that sense which is for us the whole charm of the tale, could not exist in the sixteenth century. Goethe's Faust feels for Helen as Goethe himself might have felt, as Winckelmann felt for a lost antique statue, as Schiller felt for the dead Olympus : a passion intensely imaginative and poetic, born of deep appreciation of antiquity, the essentially modern, passionate, nostalgic craving for the past. In Marlowe's play, on the contrary, Faustus and the students evoke Helen from a confused pedantic impression that an ancient lady must be as much superior to a modern lady as an ancient poem, be it even by Statius or Claudian, must be superior to a modern poem—it is a humanistic fancy of the days of the revival of letters. But, by a strange phenomenon, Marlowe, once realising what Helen means, that she is the fairest of women, forgets the scholarly interest in her. Faustus, once in presence of the wonderful woman, forgets that he had summoned her up to gratify his and his friends' pedantry ; he sees her, loves her, and bursts out into the splendid tirade full of passionate fancy :

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium !
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss !
Her lips suck forth my soul ! See where it flies !
Come Helen, come give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy shall Wittenberg be sacked
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumed crest
Yes, I will wound Achilles in the heel,

And then return to Helen for a kiss.
 Oh! thou art fairer than the evening air
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
 Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
 When he appeared to hapless Semele;
 More lovely than the monarch of the sky
 In wanton Arethusa's azure arms;
 And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

This is a real passion for a real woman, a woman very different from the splendid semi-vivified statue of Goethe, the Helen with only the cold, bloodless, intellectual life which could be infused by enthusiastic studies of ancient literature and art, gleaming bright like marble or a spectre. This Helena of Marlowe is no antique; the Elizabethan dramatist, like the painters of the fifteenth century, could not conceive the purely antique, despite all the translating of ancient writers and all the drawing from ancient marbles. One of the prose versions of the story of Faustus contains a quaint account of Helen, which sheds much light on Marlowe's conception:

This lady appeared before them in a most rich gowne of purple velvet, costly imbrodered; her haire hanged downe loose, as faire as the beaten gold, and of such length that it reached downe to her hammes; having most amorous cole-black eyes, a sweet and pleasant round face, with lips as red as a cherry; her cheeks of a rose colour, her mouth small, her neck white like a swan; tall and slender of personage; in summe, there was no imperfect place in her; she looked around about with a rolling hawk's eye, a smiling and wanton countenance; which neerehand inflamed the hearts of all the students, but that they perswaded themselves she was a spirit, which make them lightly passe away such fancies.

This fair dame in the velvet embroidered gown, with the long, hanging hair, this Helen of the original Faustus legend, is antique only in name; she belongs to the race of mediæval and modern women—the Lauras, Fiammettas, and Simonettas of Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Lorenzo dei Medici: she is the sister of that sly sentimental coquette, the Monna Lisa of Leonardo. The strong and simple women of Homer, and even of Euripides, majestic and matronly even in shame, would repudiate this slender, smiling, ogling beauty; Briseis, though the captive of Achilles' spear, would turn with scorn from her. The antique woman has a dignity due to her very inferiority and restrictedness of position; she has the simplicity, the completeness, the absence of everything suggestive of degradation, like that of some stately animal, pure in its animal nature. The modern woman, with more freedom and more ideal, rarely approaches to this character; she is too complex to be perfect, she is frail because she has an ideal, she is dubious because she is free, she may fall because she may rise. Helen deserted Menelaus and brought ruin upon Troy, therefore, in the eyes of antiquity, she was the victim of fate, she might be unruffled, spotless, majestic; but to the man of the sixteenth century she was merely frail and false. The rolling hawk's eye and the wanton smile of the old legend-monger would have

perplexed Homer, but they were necessary for Marlowe; his Helen was essentially modern, he had probably no inkling that an antique Helen as distinguished from a modern could exist. In the paramour of Faustus he saw merely the most beautiful woman, some fair and wanton creature, dressed not in chaste and majestic antique drapery, but in fantastic garments of lawn, like those of Hero in his own poem:

The lining purple silk, with gilt stars drawn;
 Her wide sleeves green, and bordered with a grove
 Where Venus in her naked glory strove
 To please the careless and disdainful eyes
 Of proud Adonis, that before her lies;
 Her kirtle blue
 Upon her head she wore a myrtle wreath
 From whence her veil reached to the ground beneath;
 Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves
 Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives.

Some slim and dainty goddess of Botticelli, very mortal withal, long and sinuous, tightly clad in brocaded garments and clinging cobweb veils, beautiful with the delicate, diaphanous beauty, rather emaciated and hectic, of high rank, and the conscious, elaborate fascination of a woman of fashion—a creature whom, like the Gioconda, Leonardo might have spent years in decking and painting, ever changing the ornaments and ever altering the portrait; to whom courtly poets like Bembo and Castiglione might have written scores of sonnets and canzoni—to her hands, her eyes, her hair, her lips—a fanciful inventory to which she listened languidly under the cypresses of Florentine gardens. Some such being, even rarer and more dubious for being an exotic in the England of Elizabeth, was Marlowe's Helen; such, and not a ghostly figure, descended from a pedestal, white and marblelike in her unruffled drapery, walking with solid step and unswerving, placid glance through the study, crammed with books, and vials, and strange instruments, of the mediæval wizard of Wittenberg. Marlowe deluded himself as well as Faustus, and palmed off on to him a mere modern lady. To raise a real spectre of the antique is a craving of our own century. Goethe attempted to do it and failed, for what reasons we have seen, but we all of us possess the charm wherewith to evoke for ourselves a real Helena, on condition that, unlike Faustus and unlike Goethe, we seek not to show her to others, and remain satisfied if the weird and glorious figure haunt only our own imagination.

VERNON LEE

"The Ship of Fools."

NOTHING perhaps more distinctly marks the gulf between our mode of thought and that of our forefathers than the total disappearance of allegorical writing from modern literature. Parables or apologues have furnished in all nations the primitive exercise of the inventive faculty; and their universal use, whether as a vehicle of instruction or a source of entertainment, proves their power of appealing to some common instinct of humanity. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is the last of this class of compositions which has attained to anything like widespread popularity, but in the preceding centuries all productions addressed to the taste of the masses, whether in poetry, art, or drama, took this symbolical or representative form. Unadorned human nature was considered too mean and common a thing to occupy the attention of author or public; the stage was filled by impersonal abstractions who discoursed in dialogue as insipid as it was edifying; poets personified nature instead of describing her; painters were not satisfied to portray a woman without symbolising a virtue; Folly was held up to derision, and Wisdom spoke her trite moral, amid the mummeries of carnival masquerade; and the skeleton grinning from the wall reiterated in still more emphatic language the preacher's lesson of the vanity and brevity of life.

But the irrepressible human element thus studiously excluded from the higher realms of art was apt to assert itself in the most unforeseen directions, and the secondary episodes in which it was admitted, as it were on sufferance, developed an astonishing tendency to growth and expansion quite out of proportion to the humble place assigned to them. Gods and Goddesses, Vices and Virtues, and all the exalted though shadowy train of abstractions and personifications found themselves unexpectedly eclipsed by some unworthy intruder on their Olympic society; and the occasional touches of broad caricature, or interludes of comic buffoonery, introduced by the appearance on the scene of clowns and ostlers, tavern-keepers and assassins, proved more interesting to the public than the heroic platitudes they interrupted.

The famous satire of Sebastian Brant no doubt owed its universal and unprecedented popularity to the happy inconsistency of its author, who, while adopting for it the form of an allegory, out of deference to the prevailing fashion of the age, immediately cast aside the restrictions imposed by symbolical composition, and set himself in downright earnest and straightforward simplicity to stigmatise the vices of his contemporaries. The Ship of Fools appears, indeed, in the frontispiece with disordered rigging and motley crew all jabbering and gesticulating, but

we do not follow the incidents of her voyage, or learn how those on board comported themselves on the high-seas, passing instead to a descriptive catalogue of the various classes of men whose departure from the ways of wisdom might entitle them to wear the cap and bells, distinctive of her passengers. We may be sure that it is the failings prevalent among the poet's fellow-citizens that are here enumerated, and that the good burghers of Basle and Strasburg easily recognised the errors of their neighbours in pages where they never detected any allusion to their own.

Brant, thus outraging the prescriptions of high art as understood in the fifteenth century, wrote a poem which made an epoch in German literature, marking the transition from the formal conventionalities of mysticism to the free interpretation of homely nature. Its publication created an immense sensation not only in Germany, where it ran through several editions, but all over Europe. It was translated into Latin, French, English, and Dutch, was published in various adaptations and followed by innumerable imitations, was used as a text by preachers and a theme by moralists, being looked on almost in the light of a new religious revelation, and won for its author the enthusiastic admiration of Erasmus, whose most famous work, the treatise entitled "The Praise of Folly," it is believed to have suggested.

Sebastian Brant led a prosperous and active life, and made a conspicuous figure of that homely burgher type which comprised all that was best in mediæval Germany. He was born at Strasburg in 1457 (or 1458), the son of Diebolt Brant, a well-to-do citizen, and went in 1475 to study philosophy at the University of Basle, then only fifteen years established. Here he was plunged into that atmosphere of theological controversy which the famous council had bequeathed as a legacy to the scene of its discussions. Party feeling in society still ran high on the points debated by the fathers, and the University was divided into two sects, the Realists, headed by Johannes a Lapide, and the Nominalists, a more advanced school of thinkers, who advocated philosophical progress and ecclesiastical reform. Our young student became an ardent disciple of the former, or more conservative, party, and was all his life a zealous upholder of divinely constituted authority in Church and State.

Like Dante, his dream of an ideal society was based on the dazzling conception of a restored and perfected Roman Empire, and he dedicated a number of works both in prose and verse to the service of the hero of his Utopia, Maximilian, King of the Romans, under whom he hoped to see his scheme for the reunion of Christendom carried into effect. Thus imbued with the political passions of his day, he early abandoned the abstractions of philosophy for the more practical study of jurisprudence, and taking his degree in canon law in 1484, married in the following year Elizabeth Burg, and established himself in Basle for the practice of his profession. He was an active publicist as well as author, for he edited many works of eminent writers on civil and ecclesiastical law,

and had a share in preparing the celebrated edition of the Bible, in six folios, with the commentary of Nicholas a Lyro.

His political dreams and aspirations were shattered by the battle of Dornach in 1498, when his hero Maximilian was defeated by the Swiss; and as Basle then ceased to form a portion of the empire, he left it in disgust, and removed with his family to his native town of Strasburg. He soon took a prominent part in its affairs, becoming in 1501 syndic and public advocate, and, two years later, Stadtschreiber, or city notary. He calls himself by the more dignified title of chancellor, and held indeed an office of considerable importance, as he was charged with the keeping of the archives, the record, in the shape of protocols, of the sittings of the civic council, and the maintenance of its correspondence with foreign states. Amid these avocations he found time to compile from ancient documents the annals of the town, which were kept in the public library, and destroyed, with other valuable records, by the great fire produced by the Prussian bombardment in 1870.

The Emperor Maximilian recognised Brant's services by creating him a Councillor of the Empire. Nor was the title a mere illusory one, as he was more than once summoned to the imperial camp while the Concordat with the Holy See was being negotiated, that he might take part in the deliberations on it. Unlike most of the poets of his age, he received a larger share of appreciation from his contemporaries than from posterity; and the celebrated Erasmus, among other critics, paid a public tribute to his genius when, during his visit to Strasburg in 1514, he repeatedly expressed to the assembled citizens his admiration of "the incomparable Brant."

His popularity was probably due in some degree to his personal qualities, as the portraits of him prefixed to the various editions of his works are not without a certain fascination. We see him there in furred cap and civic robes, with a type of face more Italian than German, and suggesting aristocratic lineage rather than the respectable third estate from which he sprang. The nose is long but delicately cut, and on the slight mobile lips hovers an incipient smile, in which a touch of sarcastic humour is tempered by sweetness and geniality.

The "Narrenschiff" was first published in Basle, in 1494, and quickly attained a European celebrity. It is divided into 110 chapters, each describing a separate type of human folly, and each illustrated by a woodcut, of which the poet is supposed to have suggested the design to the artist. In the execution of these illustrations critics believe they can detect the work of five several hands, representing as many different degrees of skill, and some are attributed to Martin Schön of Colmar. They are full of spirit and vigour, and the action in them is conveyed with such dramatic efficiency that they have the interest of a series of scenes in a comedy of manners. They represent the humorous side of the satire much more strongly than does the text; where the author's earnestness in enforcing his moral overpowers the comic view of the

subject in his mind, and makes him rather a censor than satirist. The composition doubtless owed its popularity as much to its pictorial as to its poetical merits, and we may safely presume that the mere literary work would long since have passed into oblivion had it been separated from its artistic embellishments. In asking the reader then to follow us in turning over its pages, we shall direct his attention principally to these, as the more entertaining portion of the subject, giving only a few short extracts as a sample of the poem.

The frontispiece represents the "Narrenschiff" as a top-heavy galley, with high poop and prow, about to start on her voyage "Ad Narragoniam," as the motto declares, with an obvious pun on *Narr*, a fool. Streamers are fluttering from masts and rigging, and the crew, all wearing the livery of Folly, the hood with jangling bells and projecting horns in the shape of asses' ears, are vociferating "*Gaudeamus omnes*" with exaggerated gestures of hilarity. One standing on the prow beckons, meantime, to a smaller boat, whose crew, with outstretched hands, are imploring the ship to wait, *har noch. Zu schyff, zu schyff, brüder; ess gat, ess gat!* (On board, on board, brothers; it goes, it goes!) are the words put into the mouth of the spokesman of the larger vessel, to hurry their arrival. In the upper half of the page a cart is seen conveying another company of fools by land to the same destination. In the text, sledges and wheeled vehicles are classed with boats and galleys, as equally coming under the definition ship.

This confusion of terms, and other hints in the poem, have given German commentators the idea that the Ship of Fools was not altogether a creation of the author's imagination, but had an actual existence as part of the popular shows and mummeries at carnival-tide. They trace the institution as far back as the ancient Teutonic worship of Isis as the spring goddess, whose car or ship, borne along the rivers or into the mountains, was supposed to carry peace and fruitfulness in its train. The image of the goddess, those of other divinities, and the priests consecrated to her service, were at first the sole occupants of her mystic car, but later it was invaded by the people, and doubtless originated some forms of Shrovetide revelry. Somewhat far-fetched, however, seems the suggested derivation of carnival from *car navale*, notwithstanding the coincidence that the Greeks and Romans were accustomed to offer a ship to Isis on March 5.

A monkish chronicle records a strange procession as having taken place in the year 1133, seemingly showing that the memory of the elder worship still lingered in the popular mind through the Middle Ages. On the occasion in question, a ship was built in a forest in the district of Aix-la-Chapelle, placed on wheels, and drawn through the country escorted by singing and dancing crowds of both sexes. At Maestricht it was provided with a mast and sail, and so continued its way by water, received with acclamation and rejoicing by the inhabitants of each town it passed, and by them forwarded the next stage in its pro-

gress. The monk who chronicles this singular celebration speaks of it in terms of the strongest reprobation as an act of pagan worship, while a line in Brant's poem, saying that the "Narrenschiff" was to be found in the neighbourhood of Aix, seems to indicate the survival of a similar custom down to his own days, and its embodiment in the framework of his allegory.

The framework only, or rather the introduction, for all nautical symbolism is dropped after the first page, and the subsequent illustrations of the various types of folly are not in any way wrought into the original design. The action portrayed in the woodcuts is, on the other hand, generally figurative or emblematic in independent fashion, so that we follow, in point of fact, a series of pictorial allegories, with explanatory texts. Some of these are conceived in a highly poetic and imaginative spirit, like that which personifies the presumptuous and reckless fool as a man looking idly out of an upper window, while his roof is smitten by the thunderbolts of heaven. The way in which the calamity shattering his dwelling is made visible, in the shape of a hammer wielded by a gigantic hand stretching from the clouds, is not without a certain rude force of expression, while its effects are shown in the flames bursting from doors and windows on the ground floor. In contrast to this type of overweening carelessness we have in the next page the picture of the meddlesome and officious fool, who is seen in the attitude of Atlas, bowed down by the self-imposed burden of the universe, the circle of the sphere resting on his shoulders, framing like a vignette a panorama of trees, towns, estuaries, and mountains.

In the illustration prefixed to the chapter on worldly ambition, Fortune's wheel is seen, guided in its revolution by a hand extended from the sky, while three asses, decked with Folly's cap and bells, represent, in their different positions, the various stages of a human career. One is being borne rapidly upwards, the second is triumphantly but insecurely perched on the temporary summit, grasping in his forepaws the orb of sovereignty, and the third is whirled downwards in precipitate descent. There is both humour and vigorous design in the variety of attitudes and expression assigned to the aspiring quadrupeds, and the moral is pointed by a skull and grave-stone in the foreground, suggesting the common end of all Fortune's changes. It is worthy of remark that this design is almost a facsimile, with the substitution only of asses for apes and dogs, of the Wheel of Fortune as represented on the old *tarots*, or emblematical playing cards, although they are not supposed to have been much used in Germany.

The lesson of remaining uninfluenced by empty and foolish talking is enforced by a singular image: a bell standing on the ground, mouth upwards, has a fox's brush in the place of a clapper, to signify at once the impotence and malignity of evil speakers; while the hopelessness of attempting to stop their mouths by kindness is indicated by a man taking flour with both hands out of a sack. The figure holding a

balance in his hand, the heavier scale containing a turreted feudal castle, the lighter the celestial sphere, emblazoned with sun, moon, and stars, is emblematical of the folly which consists in preferring temporal to eternal happiness.

In another woodcut a fool is seen riding on a cray-fish, his hand pierced by a reed he has leant on, his mouth gaping for a dove flying towards him ready roasted; and the text explains this allegory as signifying those who expect rewards they have not earned either in this world or the next. The figure who appears complacently playing the bagpipes, while a harp and lute lie neglected at his feet, is, we find, intended for those empty-minded prattlers who prefer their own frivolous babble to anything better or more improving. Samson, shorn by Dalilah, is, as we see at a glance, a type of that numerous class who cannot keep their own counsels; while the group round a table with cards and dice, the vain fool contemplating himself in a mirror, and the officious one who runs to put out the fire in his neighbour's house, leaving his own in flames, point equally obvious morals. One of the most striking illustrations is that prefixed to the section on those who withhold the truth from human respect, and this failing is symbolised with considerable dramatic force by a monk in the pulpit who holds his finger to his lips with a sanctimonious expression, while some of the congregation threaten him with swords and sticks, and others sleep in various attitudes on benches, and on the steps of the pulpit.

The only illustration in which the actual Ship, the titular subject of the allegory, reappears, is a sufficiently striking one. In this it is seen capsized in a tempestuous sea, with the gigantic figure of Antichrist seated on its reversed keel; he holds a scourge in one hand, a sack of gold in the other, and a monstrous flying fiend blows into his ear with a bellows. The fools are struggling in the waves, or seeking refuge in a crazy boat, while another, freighted with a pious crew in various attitudes of devotion, and labelled as the bark of Peter, is drawn to the shore by the saint himself, his key serving very opportunely as a boat-hook. The sea is strewn with books, and the text refers to the abuse of the printing-press in spreading heretical doctrines.

If there were any attempt at logical arrangement in the poem, this catastrophe would naturally bring it to a conclusion, instead of occurring, as it does, at a comparatively early stage. The same absence of constructive skill is manifest throughout, and the various vices and failings stigmatised by the author are jumbled indiscriminately together, without any pretence at classification or general plan, while some of the chapters are so nearly repetitions of subjects already dealt with, that the same woodcut does duty a second time. This failure in artistic symmetry is, however, counterbalanced by lively vigour of language, fluent versification, and inexhaustible fertility of imagery and illustration; the moral of each chapter being pointed by a string of instances, biblical, classical, and legendary, grouped together with naïve unconsciousness of

incongruity. The poem, which was written in the Swabian dialect, contains, in many parts, antiquated and obsolete turns of speech, but the modernised version, published at Berlin in 1872, offers no difficulty of language, while it preserves the racy terseness of the original.

Each chapter begins with a sort of motto in a rhyming triplet, generally explanatory of the accompanying woodcut, as, for instance, the lines on men who are foolishly suspicious and watchful of their wives, which open thus:—

'Twere wiser grasshoppers to count,
Or pour fresh water in the fount,
Than over women guard to mount.
He finds much pain and little pleasure,
Who keeps his wife like hidden treasure:
If good, she wants no guide nor pastor
If bad, will cheat both man and master.

The illustration represents a man carefully tending a flock of grasshoppers, and another energetically pouring a jug of water down a well; while a woman, looking out of an upper window, watches their futile labours, with a slyly sarcastic expression of countenance.

The prologue describes the work as evoked by the general insensibility of the public to other teaching, and after setting forth the author's aim to be a reformer of morals, dilates on the universal applicability of the satire.

We well may call it Folly's Mirror,
Since every fool there sees his error.
His proper worth would each man know,
The Glass of Fools the truth will show.
Who meets his image on the page,
May learn to deem himself no sage.
Nor shrink his nothingness to see,
Since naught that lives from fault is free,
And who in conscience dare be sworn,
That cap and bells he ne'er hath worn.
He who his foolishness describes
Alone deserves to rank as wise,
While who doth wisdom's airs rehearse
May stand godfather to my verse.

The same facile versification and fluent sententious cadence run through page after page, and chapter after chapter, nor does the metre ever vary from its pithy brevity. It resembles that of "Hudibras"; but Brant falls far short of the point and polish of language achieved by Butler. The following lines, however, taken also from the prologue, have something of his ringing cadence:—

For jest and earnest, use and sport,
Here fools abound of every sort.
The sage may here find Wisdom's rules,
And Folly learn the ways of fools,
Dolts rich and poor my verse doth strike,
The bad find badness, like finds like,

A cap on many a one I fit,
 Who fain to wear it would omit,
 Were I to mention him by name,
 "I know you not," he would exclaim.

The "Narrenschiff" is full of indications of the manners of the day, and the woodcuts are a curious study of its costumes. In one a fashionably dressed lady is coming out of church, and is met in the courtyard by a knight about to enter, his falcon perched on the wrist, his dogs yelping and snarling at his heels. Thus attended, the gallant sportsman's devotions are likely to be a greater source of distraction to his neighbours than of profit to himself, and accordingly the text rebukes this disrespectful fashion of assisting at service. The long peaked shoes which were the prevailing fashion of the time figure universally in the illustrations, and in the chapter on the desecration of feast days by servile labour, having the toes of these "Schnabelschuhe" stuffed with cotton so as to make them wearable, is enumerated as one of the unnecessary tasks frequently imposed on servants.

The fifteenth century would seem to have been no whit behindhand in the tricks of trade—a special section is devoted to their reprobation; and false weights, short measure, light money, copper gilt to pass as gold, inferior furs dyed in imitation of real, lame horses fitted with padded shoes to appear sound, are enumerated among the forms of deceit in vogue. Nor is the adulteration of food a modern invention, for in the woodcut we have the wine merchant introducing all manner of foreign substances, "saltpetre, sulphur, bones, mustard, and ashes," into the barrel, while the alchemist, busy with retorts and crucibles, is seen carrying on another form of imposture, now happily exploded.

The long chapter which reprehends over-indulgence in the pleasures of the table gives a curious view of the social customs of the time, and the author's naïve hints on good manners imply a considerable lack of them among his contemporaries. Some, he says, are too nice to help themselves to salt with their fingers, but he for his part would prefer seeing a clean hand thrust into the salt-cellar to a knife, which, for aught he knows, may have last been used in skinning a cat. The nice point of etiquette thus raised seems to imply that the simple expedient of a common salt-spoon had not yet been hit upon, while we also infer from the context that each guest brought his own table battery, consisting probably of a large clasp knife. The poet also condemns as a breach of politeness the device of blowing into a glass to clear away any particles fallen in, as well as the introduction of a knife, or even of a piece of bread to remove them, though the latter passed for the more genteel solution of the difficulty. Among gentlefolk he evidently thinks the correct thing would be to call for a fresh glass, though he considerably remarks that from a poor man such a costly piece of refinement would be too much to expect, and he would apparently give him a dispensation

for some slight deviation from the strict laws of good breeding. The carver who in helping his neighbours selects the worse portions for them, reserving the better for himself, he who turns the dish round when it is set before him in order to take a leisurely survey and choose the most inviting morsels, the man who eats too fast, speaks too loud, or monopolises the general conversation, all come in for their share of reprobation; and these trifling instances show how narrowly the satirist scanned human nature, and how keenly he ridiculed its smallest failings and weaknesses.

This minuteness of detail characterises the poem throughout, and, while it adds to its interest as an antiquarian relic, undoubtedly detracts from its literary merit. The sense of proportion seems to have been wanting in the author's mind, and he allots no greater space to the denunciation of wickedness than to the analysis of mere social selfishness. Yet this very condescension to trifles which militated against him as an artist, doubtless increased his usefulness as a preacher; for while actual vice is almost impregnable to satire, the enforcement of the minor moralities comes fairly within its scope. Thus if Sebastian Brant's sententious wisdom helped nothing to the observance of the Decalogue, it might at least hinder breaches of the social code; and if gamesters, cheats, and drunkards were impervious to his ridicule, the man who inconvenienced his neighbours at dinner might fear to find its shafts borrowed by their tongues, in revenge for his greediness or garrulity. At any rate our author did his best to deprive wickedness of its prestige by classing it with folly, and so far deserved well of his generation.

The English version of the "Narrenschiff," published in 1509, attained to nearly as great a celebrity as the German text. It is rather an adaptation than a translation, and ranks almost as an original poem, but its prolixity of style and tedious versification give no idea of the pithy terseness which gives point and incisiveness to Brant's satire. Its author, Alexander Barclay, was a Dominican monk or Black Friar, whose conscience in matters of doctrine was evidently as elastic as that of the Vicar of Bray in politics, since he acquiesced calmly in the Reformation, and received preferment under Edward VI. Having travelled on the continent in his youth, he was familiar with foreign tongues, and was a man of considerable attainments. Besides his translation of Brant, he is best known as the author of a series of Eclogues, which held a good place in the literature of the time. Barclay's "Ship of Fools" is chiefly interesting as a study of language, being the only important work in English verse produced in the interval between Chaucer and Spenser. It is written in strong idiomatic vernacular, and embodies many popular proverbial phrases still in use, and here found for the first time in literature, as the earliest collection of English proverbs—that of Heywood—was not published till 1546. Thus we read in its pages, "When the stede is stolyne to shyte the stable door." "Better is a frend in courte than a peny in purse." "A crowe to pull." "Better haue one birde sure within

thy wall, or fast in a cage than twenty score without," while the *Eclogues* are still more rich in the homely wit of the popular idiom.

Barclay's poem furnished Sir Edward Coke's caustic wit with a metaphor for a sneer at his great rival. The first edition of the "*Novum Organum*" had on its title-page a woodcut of a ship passing the Straits of Hercules, to signify the new realms about to be explored by philosophy; and on the presentation copy given to Coke the following doggrel rhyme was inscribed in his handwriting, above the proud device of the author:—

It deserveth not to be read in schools,
But to be freighted in the Ship of Fools.

In modern English literature the "Ship of Fools" is more rarely introduced, and probably the latest allusion to it occurs in a now nearly forgotten novel called "*Crotchet Castle*," by Thomas Love Peacock, a writer of the last generation. The principal characters of the work are discussing a projected pleasure voyage up the Thames and by the head waters of the Severn into the Ellesmere Canal, when Lord Bosnowl, the butt of the party, expresses a hope that if he's to be one of the company the ship is not to be the ship of fools, thereby, of course, raising a universal laugh against himself.

This imaginary expedition had actually been made by Peacock, who here describes it, in company with the poet Shelley, the explorers following the windings of the Thames until, as the former graphically puts it in a letter, its entire volume had dwindled to so narrow a thread as to be turned aside by a cow lying placidly recumbent across its course. It was during this excursion that Shelley visited Lechdale in Gloucestershire, the scene commemorated by the beautiful lines on "*A Summer Evening Churchyard*," beginning—

The wind has swept from the wide atmosphere
Each vapour that obscured the sunset's ray;
And pallid evening twines its beaming hair
In duskier braids around the languid eyes of day;
Silence and twilight, unbeloved of men,
Creep hand in hand from yon obscurest glen.

It would seem that an additional wave of Lethe has rolled over the work of Brant and Barclay in the generation intervening between Shelley's time and our own, for a passing reference like the above would scarcely be understood by the novel-reading public of the present day. The famous satire is at last forgotten, amid the multitude of ephemeral novelties that burden the library shelves, and few care to explore its antiquated pages. Yet the picture parables and homely truisms in verse with which their author seeks to illustrate and enforce his plain old-world morality might be found more entertaining than the stereotyped conventionalities of many a modern volume.

The Carver and the Caliph.

*(We lay our story in the East.
Because 'tis Eastern? Not the least.
We place it there because we fear
To bring its parable too near,
And touch with an unguarded hand
Our dear, confiding native land.)*

A certain Caliph, in the days
The race affected vagrant ways,
And prowled at eve for good or bad
In lanes and alleys of BAGDAD,
Once found, at edge of the bazaar,
E'en where the poorest workers are,
A Carver.

Fair his work and fine
With mysteries of inlaced design,
And shapes of shut significance
To aught but an anointed glance,—
The dreams and visions that grow plain
In darkened chambers of the brain.

But all day busily he wrought
From dawn to eve, and no one bought;—
Save when some Jew with look askant,
Or keen-eyed Greek from the Levant,
Would pause awhile,—depreciate,—
Then buy a month's work by the weight,
Bearing it swiftly over seas
To garnish rich men's treasures.

And now for long none bought at all,
So lay he sullen in his stall.
Him thus withdrawn the Caliph found,
And smote his staff upon the ground—

"Ho, there, within! Hast wares to sell?
Or slumber'st, having dined too well?"
"Dined," quoth the man, with angry eyes,
"How should I dine when no one buys?"
"Nay," said the other, answering low,—
"Nay, I but jested. Is it so?
Take then this coin, but take beside
A counsel, friend, thou hast not tried.
This craft of thine, the mart to suit,
Is too refined,—remote,—minute;
These small conceptions can but fail;
'Twere best to work on larger scale,
And rather choose such themes as wear
More of the earth and less of air.
The fisherman that hauls his net,—
The merchants in the market set,—
The couriers posting in the street,—
The gossips as they pass and greet,—
These things are plain to all men's eyes,
Therefore with these they sympathise.
Further (neglect not this advice!)
Be sure to ask three times the price."

The Carver sadly shook his head;
He knew 'twas truth the Caliph said.
From that day forth his work was planned
So that the world might understand.
He carved it deeper, and more plain;
He carved it thrice as large again;
He sold it, too, for thrice the cost;
—Ah, but the Artist that was lost!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

es,



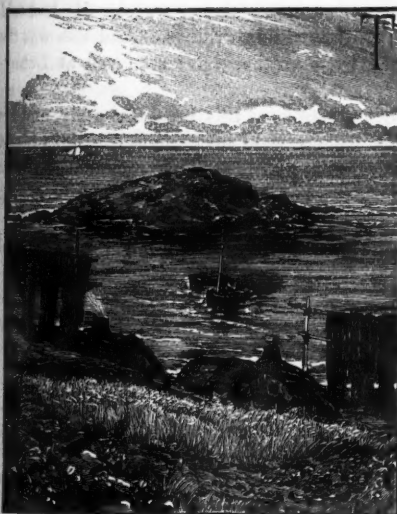
BSON.



White Wings : A Yachting Romance.

CHAPTER XLI.

BACKWARD THOUGHTS.



THAT was a beautiful morning on which we got up at an unearthly hour to see the Youth depart—all of us, that is to say, except Mary Avon. And yet she was not usually late. The Laird could not understand it. He kept walking from one room to another, or hovering about the hall; and when the breakfast gong sounded, he refused to come in and take his place without his accustomed companion. But just at this moment whom should he behold enter-

ing by the open door but Mary Avon herself—laden with her artistic impedimenta. He pounced on her at once, and seized the canvas.

"Bless me, lassie, what have ye been about? Have ye done all this this morning? Ye must have got up in the middle of the night!"

It was but a rough sketch, after all—or the beginnings of a sketch, rather—of the wide, beautiful sea and mountain view from the garden of Castle Osprey.

"I thought, sir," said she, in a somewhat hesitating way, "that you might perhaps be so kind as to accept from me those sketches I have made on board the *White Dove*—and—and if they were at Denny-mains, I should like to have the series complete—and—and it would naturally begin with a sketch from the garden here——"

He looked at her for a moment, with a grave, perhaps wistful, kindness in his face.

"My lass, I would rather have seen you at Denny-mains."

That was the very last word he ever uttered concerning the dream

that had just been disturbed. And it was only about this time, I think, that we began to recognise the simple, large, noble nature of this man. We had been too much inclined to regard the mere husks and externals of his character—to laugh at his assumption of parochial importance, his solemn discussions of the Semple case, his idiotic stories about Homesh. And it was not a mere freak of generosity that revealed to us something of the finer nature of this old Scotchman. People as rich as he have often paid bigger sums than 10,300*l.* for the furtherance of a hobby. But it was to put away his hobby—it was to destroy forever the “dream of his old age”—that he had been thus munificent towards this girl. And there was no complaint or regret. He had told us it was time for him to put away childish things. And this was the last word said—“My lass, I would rather have seen you at Denny-mains.”

The Laird was exceedingly facetious at this breakfast-party, and his nephew had a bad time of it. There were mysterious questions about Messrs. Hughes, Barnes, and Barnes; as to whether consultations were best held in stubble or in turnips; or whether No. 5 shot was the best for bringing down briefs; and so forth.

“Never mind, uncle,” said the Youth good-naturedly. “I will send you some partridges for the larder of the yacht.”

“You need not do anything of the kind,” said the Laird; “before you are in Bedfordshire the *White Dove* will be many a mile away from the course of luggage steamers.”

“Oh, are you ready to start, then, sir?” said his hostess.

“This very meenute, if it pleases you,” said he.

She looked rather alarmed, but said nothing. In the meantime the waggonette had come to the door.

By-and-by there was a small party assembled on the steps to see the Youth drive off. And now the time had come for him to make that speech of thanks which his uncle had pointed out was distinctly due from him. The Laird, indeed, regarded his departure with a critical air; and no doubt waited to see how his nephew would acquit himself.

Perhaps the Youth had forgotten. At all events, having bidden good-bye to the others, he shook hands last of all with his hostess, and said lightly—

“Thank you very much. I have enjoyed the whole thing tremendously.”

Then he jumped into the waggonette, and took off his cap as a parting salute; and away he went. The Laird frowned. When he was a young man that was not the way in which hospitality was acknowledged.

Then Mary Avon turned from regarding the departing waggonette.

“Are we to get ready to start?” said she.

“What do you say, sir?” asks the hostess of the Laird.

“I am at your service,” he replies.

And so it appeared to be arranged. But still Queen Titania looked irresolute and uneasy. She did not at once set the whole house in an uproar; or send down for the men; or begin herself to harry the garden. She kept loitering about the door; pretending to look at the signs of the weather. At last Mary said—

"Well, in any case, you will be more than an hour in having the things carried down; so I will do a little bit more to that sketch in the meantime."

The moment she was gone, her hostess says in a hurried whisper to the Laird—

"Will you come into the Library, sir, for a moment?"

He obediently followed her; and she shut the door.

"Are we to start without Angus Sutherland?" she asked, without circumlocution.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the wily Laird.

Then she was forced to explain, which she did in a somewhat nervous manner.

"Mary has told me, sir, of your very, very great generosity to her. I hope you will let me thank you, too."

"There is not another word to be said about it," he said simply. "I found a small matter wrong in the world that I thought I could put right; and I did it; and now we start fresh and straight again. That is all."

"But about Angus Sutherland," said she still more timidly. "You were quite right in your conjectures—at least, I imagine so—indeed, I am sure of it. And now, don't you think we should send for him?"

"The other day, ma'am," said he slowly, "I informed ye that when I considered my part done I would leave the matter in your hands entirely. I had to ask some questions of the lass, no doubt, to make sure of my ground; though I felt it was not a business fit for an old bachelor like me to intermeddle wi'. I am now of opinion that it would be better, as I say, to leave the matter in your hands entirely."

The woman looked rather bewildered.

"But what am I to do?" said she. "Mary will never allow me to send for him—and I have not his address in any case——"

The Laird took a telegram from his breast-pocket.

"There it is," said he, "until the end of this week, at all events."

She looked at it hesitatingly; it was from the office of the magazine that Angus Sutherland edited; and was in reply to a question of the Laird's. Then she lifted her eyes.

"Do you think I might ask Mary herself?"

"That is for a woman to decide," said he; and again she was thrown back on her own resources.

Well, this midge of a woman has some courage, too. She began to reflect on what the Laird had adventured, and done, for the sake of this girl; and was she not prepared to risk something also? After all, if

these two had been fostering a vain delusion, it would be better to have it destroyed at once.

And so she went out into the garden, where she found Miss Avon again seated at her easel. She went gently over to her; she had the telegram in her hand. For a second or two she stood irresolute; then she boldly walked across the lawn, and put her hand on the girl's shoulder. With the other hand she held the telegram before Mary Avon's eyes.

"Mary," said she, in a very low and gentle voice. "Will you write to him now and ask him to come back?"

The girl dropped the brush she had been holding on to the grass, and her face got very pale.

"Oh, how could I do that?" said she, in an equally low—and frightened—voice.

"You sent him away."

There was no answer. The elder woman waited; she only saw that Mary Avon's fingers were working nervously with the edge of the palette.

"Mary," said she at length, "am I right in imagining the cause of your sending him away? May I write and explain, if you will not?"

"Oh, how can you explain?" the girl said, almost piteously. "It is better as it is. Did you not hear what the kindest friend I ever found in the world had to say of me yesterday, about young people who were too prudent, and were mercenary; and how he had no respect for young people who thought too much about money——"

"Mary, Mary!" the other said, "he was not speaking about you. You mercenary! He was speaking about a young man who would throw over his sweetheart for the sake of money. You mercenary! Well, let me appeal to Angus! When I explain to him, and ask him what he thinks of you, I will abide by his answer."

"Well, I did not think of myself; it was for his sake I did it," said the girl, in a somewhat broken voice; and tears began to steal down her cheeks, and she held her head away.

"Well, then, I won't bother you any more, Mary," said the other, in her kindest way. "I won't ask you to do anything, except to get ready to get down to the yacht."

"At once!" said the girl, instantly getting up, and drying her eyes. She seemed greatly relieved by this intimation of an immediate start.

"As soon as the men have the luggage taken down."

"Oh, that will be very pleasant," said she, immediately beginning to put away her colours. "What a fine breeze! I am sure I shall be ready in fifteen minutes."

Then the usual bustle began; messages flying up and down, and the gig and dingy racing each other to the shore and back again. By twelve o'clock everything had been got on board. Then the *White Dove* gently

glided away from her moorings; we had started on our last and longest voyage.

It seemed innumerable ages since we had been in our sea-home. And that first glance round the saloon—as our absent friend the Doctor had remarked—called up a multitude of recollections, mostly converging to a general sense of snugness, and remoteness, and good fellowship. The Laird sank down into a corner of one of the couches, and said—

“Well, I think I could spend the rest of my days in this yacht. It seems as if I had lived in it for many, many years.”

But Miss Avon would not let him remain below; it was a fine sailing day; and very soon we were all on deck. A familiar scene?—this expanse of blue sea, curling with white here and there; with a dark blue sky overhead, and all around the grand panorama of mountains in their rich September hues? The sea is never familiar. In its constant and moving change, its secret and slumbering power, its connection with the great unknown beyond the visible horizon, you never become familiar with the sea. We may recognise the well-known landmarks as we steal away to the north—the long promontory and white lighthouse of Lisamore, the ruins of Duart, the woods of Scallasdale, the glimpse into Loch Aline—and we may use these things only to calculate our progress; but always around us is the strange life, and motion, and infinitude of the sea, which never becomes familiar.

We had started with a light favourable wind, of the sort that we had come to call a Mary-Avon-steering breeze; but after luncheon this died away, and we lay idly for a long time opposite the dark green woods of Fuinary. However, there was a wan and spectral look about the sunshine of this afternoon, and there were some long, ragged shreds of cloud in the southern heavens—just over the huge round shoulders of the Mull mountains—that told us we were not likely to be harassed by any protracted calms. And, in fact, occasional puffs and squalls came over from the south which, if they did not send us on much farther, at least kept everybody on the alert.

And at length we got it. The gloom over the mountains had deepened, and the streaks of sunlit sky that were visible here and there had a curious coppery tinge about them. Then we heard a hissing in towards the shore, and the darkening band on the sea spread rapidly out to us; then there was a violent shaking of blocks and spars, and, as the *White Dove* bent to the squall, a most frightful clatter was heard below, showing that some careless people had been about. Then away went the yacht like an arrow! We cared little for the gusts of rain that came whipping across from time to time. We would not even go down to see what damage had been done in the cabins. John of Skye, with his savage hatred of the long calms we had endured, refused to lower his gaff topsail. At last he was “letting her have it.”

We spun along, with the water hissing away from our wake; but the squall had not had time to raise anything of a sea, so there was but

little need for the women to duck their heads to the spray. Promontory after promontory, bay after bay was passed, until far ahead of us, through the driving mists of rain, we could make out the white shaft of Ru-na-Gaul lighthouse. But here another condition of affairs confronted us. When we turned her nose to the south, to beat in to Tobermory harbour, the squall was coming tearing out of that cup among the hills with an exceeding violence. When the spray sprang high at the bows, the flying shreds of it that reached us bore an uncommon resemblance to the thong of a whip. The topsail was got down, the mizen taken in, and then we proceeded to fight our way into the harbour in a series of tacks that seemed to last only a quarter of a second. What with the howling of the wind, that blew back his orders in his face; and what with the wet decks, that caused the men to stumble now and again; and what with the number of vessels in the bay, that cut short his tacks at every turn, Captain John of Skye had an exciting time of it. But we knew him of old. He "put on" an extra tack, when there was no need for it, and slipped through between a fishing-smack and a large schooner, merely for the sake of "showing off." And then the *White Dove* was allowed to go up to the wind, and slowly slackened her pace, and the anchor went out with a roar. We were probably within a yard of the precise spot where we had last anchored in the Tobermory bay.

It blew and rained hard all that evening, and we did not even think of going on deck after dinner. We were quite content as we were. Somehow a new and secret spirit of cheerfulness had got possession of certain members of this party, without any ostensible cause. There was no longer the depression that had prevailed about West Loch Tarbert. When Mary Avon played *bélique* with the Laird, it was to a scarcely audible accompaniment of "The Queen's Maries."

Nor did the evening pass without an incident worthy of some brief mention. There is, in the *White Dove*, a state-room which really acts as a passage, during the day, between the saloon and the forecastle; and, when this state-room is not in use, Master Fred is in the habit of converting it into a sort of pantry, seeing that it adjoins his galley. Now, on this evening, when our shifty Friedrich d'or came in with soda-water and such like things, he took occasion to say to the Rear-Admiral of the Fleet on board—

"I beg your pardon, mem, but there is no one now in this state-room, and will I use it for a pantry?"

"You will do nothing of the kind, Fred," said she quite sharply.

CHAPTER XLII.

A TOAST.

"I AM almost afraid of what I have done; but it is past recall now:—this is the mysterious sentence one hears on climbing up the companion next morning. It is Queen Titania and the Laird who are talking; but

as soon as a third person appears they become consciously and guiltily silent. What does it matter? We have other work on hand than prying into twopenny-halfpenny secrets.

For we have resolved on starting away for the north in spite of this fractious weather. A more unpromising-looking morning indeed for setting out could not well be imagined—windy, and wet, and squally; the driven green sea outside springing white where it meets the line of the coast; Loch Sunart and its mountains hidden away altogether behind the mists of rain; wan flashes of sunlight here and there only serving to show how swiftly the clouds are flying. But the *White Dove* has been drying her wings all the summer; she can afford to face a shower now. And while the men are hoisting the sail and getting the anchor hove short, our two women-folk array themselves in tightly-shaped ulsters, with hoods drawn over their heads; and the Laird appears in a waterproof reaching to his heels; and even the skylights have their tarpaulins thrown over. Dirty weather or no, we mean to start.

There are two or three yachts in the bay, the last of the summer-fleet all hastening away to the south. There is no movement on the decks of any one of them. Here and there, however, in sheltered places—under a bit of awning, or standing by the doors of deck-saloons—we can make out huddled groups of people, who are regarding, with a pardonable curiosity, the operations of John of Skye and his merry men.

"They take us for maniacs," says Queen Titania from out of her hood, "to be setting out for the north in such weather."

And we were nearly affording those amiable spectators a pretty sight. The wind coming in variable gusts, the sails failed to fill at the proper moment, and the *White Dove* drifted right on to the bows of a great schooner, whose bowsprit loomed portentous overhead. There was a wild stampede for boathooks and oars; and then with arms, and feet, and poles—aided by the swarming crew of the schooner—we managed to clear her with nothing more serious than an ominous grating along the gig. And then the wind catching her, she gradually came under the control of Captain John; and away we went for the north, beating right in the teeth of the gusts that came tearing over from the mouth of Loch Sunart.

"It's a bad wind, mem, for getting up to Isle Ornsay," says John of Skye to the Admiral. "Ay, and the sea pretty coorse, too, when we get outside Ardnamurchan."

"Now, listen to me, John," she says severely, and with an air of authority—as much authority, that is to say, as can be assumed by a midge enclosed in an ulster. "I am not going to have any of that. I know you of old. As soon as you get out of Tobermory, you immediately discover that the wind is against our going north; and we turn round and run away down to Iona and the Bull-hole. I will not go to the Bull-hole. If I have to sail this yacht myself, night and day, I will go to Isle Ornsay."

"If ye please, mem," says John of Skye, grinning with great delight over her facetiousness. "Oh, I will tek the yat to Isle Ornsay very well, if the leddies not afraid of a little coorse sea. And you will not need to sail the yat at all, mem. But I not afraid to let you sail the yat. You will know about the sailing now shist as much as Mr. Sutherland."

At the mention of this name, Queen Titania glanced at Mary Avon, perceived she was not listening, and went nearer to John of Skye, and said something to him in a lower voice. There was a quick look of surprise and pleasure on the handsome, brown-bearded face.

"Oh, I ferry glad of that, mem," said he.

"Hush, John! Not a word to anybody," said she.

By this time we had beat out of the harbour, and were now getting longer tacks; so that, when the sheets were properly coiled, it was possible for the Laird and Miss Avon to attempt a series of short promenades on the wet decks. It was an uncertain and unstable performance, to be sure; for the sea was tumultuous; but it served.

"Mutual help—that's the thing," said the Laird to his companion, as together they staggered along, or stood steady to confront a particularly fierce gust of wind. "We are independent of the world—this solitary vessel out in the waste of waters—but we are not independent of each other. It just reminds me of the small burghs outside Glasgow; we wish to be independent of the great ceety lying near us; we prefer to have a separate existence; but we can help each other for all that in a most unmistakeable way——"

Here the Laird was interrupted by the calling out of Captain John—"Ready about!"—and he and his companion had to get out of the way of the boom. Then they resumed their promenade, and he his discourse.

"Do ye think, for example," said this profound philosopher, "that any one burgh would have been competent to decide on a large question like the clauses of the Police Act that refer to cleansing and lighting?"

"I am not sure," Miss Avon admitted.

"No, no," said he confidently, "large questions should be considered in common council—with every opportunity of free discussion. I do not much like to speak about local matters, or of my own share in them, but I must take credit for this, that it was myself recommended to the Commissioners to summon a public meeting. It was so, and the meeting was quite unanimous. It was Provost McKendrick, ye must understand, who formally made the proposal that the consideration of those clauses should be remitted to the clerks of the various burghs, who were to report; but the suggestion was really mine—I make no scruple in claiming it. And then, see the result! When the six clerks were agreed, and sent in their report, look at the authority of such a document! Who but an ass would make freevolous objections?"

The Laird laughed aloud.

"It was that crayture, Johnnie Guthrie," said he, "as usual! I am not sure that I have mentioned his name to ye before?"

"Oh, yes, I think so, sir," remarked Miss Avon.

"It was that crayture, Johnnie Guthrie—in the face of the unanimous report of the whole six clerks! Why, what could be more reasonable than that the lighting of closes and common stairs should fall on the landlords, but with power to recover from the tenants; while the cleansing of back courts—being a larger and more general measure—should be the work of the Commissioners and chargeable in the police rates! It is a great sanitary work that benefits every one; why should not all have a hand in paying for it?"

Miss Avon was understood to assent; but the fact was that the small portion of her face left uncovered by her hood had just then received an unexpected bath of salt water; and she had to halt for a moment to get out a handkerchief from some sub-ulsterian recess.

"Well," continued the Laird, as they resumed their walk, "what does this body Guthrie do but rise and propose that the landlords—mind ye, the landlords alone—should be rated for the expense of cleaning the back-courts! I declare there are some folk seem to think that a landlord is made of nothing but money, and that it is everybody's business to harry him, and worry him, and screw every farthing out of him. If Johnnie Guthrie had half a dozen lands of houses himself, what would he say about the back-courts then?"

This triumphant question settled the matter; and we hailed the Laird below for luncheon. Our last glance round showed us the Atlantic of a silvery grey, and looking particularly squally; with here and there a gleam of pale sunshine falling on the long headland of Ardnamurchan.

There was evidently some profound secret about.

"Well, ma'am, and where will we get to the night, do ye think?" said the Laird, cheerfully, as he proceeded to carve a cold fowl.

"It is of no consequence," said the other, with equal carelessness. "You know we must idle away a few days somewhere."

Idle away a few days!—and this *White Dove* bent on a voyage to the far north when the very last of the yachts were fleeing south?

"I mean," said she hastily, in order to retrieve her blunder, "that Captain John is not likely to go far away from the chance of a harbour until he sees whether this is the beginning of the equinoctials or not."

"The equinoctials!" said the Laird, anxiously.

"They sometimes begin as early as this; but not often. However, there will always be some place where we can run in to."

The equinoctials, indeed! When we went on deck again we found not only that those angry squalls had ceased, but that the wind had veered very considerably in our favour, and we were now running and plunging past Ardnamurchan Point. The rain had ceased, too; the clouds had gathered themselves up in heavy folds; and their reflected blackness lay over the dark and heaving Atlantic plain. Well was it

for these two women that luncheon had been taken in time. What one of them had dubbed the Ardnamurchan Wobble—which she declared to be as good a name for a waltz as the Liverpool Lurch—had begun in good earnest; and the *White Dove* was dipping, and rolling, and springing in the most lively fashion. There was not much chance for the Laird and Mary Avon to resume their promenade; when one of the men came aft to relieve John of Skye at the wheel, he had to watch his chance, and come clambering along by holding on to the shrouds, the rail of the gig, and so forth. But Dr. Sutherland's prescription had its effect. Despite the Ardnamurchan Wobble and all its deeds, there was no ghostly and silent disappearance.

And so we ploughed on our way during the afternoon, the Atlantic appearing to grow darker and darker, as the clouds overhead seemed to get banked up more thickly. The only cheerful bit of light in this gloomy picture was a streak or two of sand at the foot of the sheer and rocky cliffs north of Ardnamurchan Light; and those we were rapidly leaving behind as the brisk breeze—with a kindness to which we were wholly strangers—kept steadily creeping round to the south.

The dark evening wore on, and we were getting well up towards Eigg, when a strange thing became visible along the western horizon. First the heavy purple clouds showed a tinge of crimson, and then a sort of yellow smoke appeared close down at the sea. This golden vapour widened, cleared, until there was a broad belt of lemon-coloured sky all along the edge of the world; and in this wonder of shining light appeared the island of Rum—to all appearance as transparent as a bit of the thinnest gelatine, and in colour a light purple rose. It was really a most extraordinary sight. The vast bulk of this mountainous island, including the sombre giants Haleval and Haskeval, seemed to have less than the consistency of a cathedral window; it resembled more a pale, rose-coloured cloud; and the splendour of it, and the glow of the golden sky beyond, were all the more bewildering by reason of the gloom of the overhanging clouds that lay across like a black bar.

"Well!" said the Laird, and here he paused, for the amazement in his face could not at once find fitting words. "That beats a'!"

And it was a cheerful and friendly light, too, that now came streaming over to us from beyond the horizon-line. It touched the sails and the varnished spars with a pleasant colour. It seemed to warm and dry the air, and tempted the women to put aside their ulsters. Then began a series of wild endeavours to achieve a walk on deck, interrupted every second or two by some one or other being thrown against the boom, or having to grasp at the shrouds in passing. But it resulted in exercise, at all events; and meanwhile we were still making our way northward, with the yellow star of Isle Ornsay lighthouse beginning to be visible in the dusk.

That evening at dinner the secret came out. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the disclosure of it had been carefully planned by

these two conspirators; and that they considered themselves amazingly profound in giving to it a careless and improvised air.

"I never sit down to dinner now, ma'am," observed the Laird, in a light and graceful manner, "without a feeling that there is something wanting in the saloon. The table is not symmetrical. That should occur to Miss Mary's eye at once. One at the head, one my side, two yours; no, that is not as symmetrical as it used to be."

"Do you think I do not feel that, too?" says his hostess. "And that is not the only time at which I wish that Angus were back with us."

No one had a word to say for poor Howard Smith, who used to sit at the foot of the table, in a meek and helpful capacity. No one thought of summoning him back to make the arrangement symmetrical. Perhaps he was being consoled by Messrs. Hughes, Barnes, and Barnes.

"And the longer the nights are growing, I get to miss him more and more," she says, with a beautiful pathos in her look. "He was always so full of activity and cheerfulness—the way he enjoyed life on board the yacht was quite infectious, and then his constant plans and suggestions. And how he looked forward to this long trip! though, to be sure, he struggled hard against the temptation. I know the least thing would have turned the scale, Italy or no Italy."

"Why, ma'am," says the Laird, laughing prodigiously, "I should not wonder, if you sent him a message at this minute, to find him coming along post-haste and joining us, after all. What is Eetaly? I have been in Eetaly myself. Ye might live there a hundred years, and never see anything so fine in colour as that sunset we saw this very evening. And if it is business he is after, bless me! cannot a young man be a young man sometimes, and have the courage to do something imprudent? Come now, write to him at once! I will take the responsibility myself."

"To tell you the truth, sir," said the other timidly—but she pretends she is very anxious about the safety of a certain distant wine-glass—"I took a sudden notion into my head yesterday morning, and sent him a message."

"Dear me!" he cries. The hypocrite!

And Mary Avon all the while sits mute, dismayed, not daring to turn her face to the light. And the small white hand that holds the knife: why does it tremble so?

"The fact is," says Queen Titania carelessly, just as if she were reading a bit out of a newspaper, "I sent him a telegram, to save time. And I thought it would be more impressive if I made it a sort of round-robin, don't you know—as far as that can be done on a square telegraph-form—and I said that each and all of us demanded his instant return, and that we should wait about Isle Ornsay or Loch Hourn until he joined us. So you see, sir, we may have to try your patience for a day or two."

"Ye may try it, but ye will not find it wanting," said the Laird, with serious courtesy. "I do not care how long I wait for the young man, so long as I am in such pleasant society. Ye forget, ma'am, what life one is obliged to live at Denny-mains, with public affairs worrying one from the morning till the night. Patience? I have plenty of patience. But all the same I would like to see the young man here. I have a great respect for him, though I consider that some of his views may not be quite sound—that will mend—that will mend; and now, my good friends, I will take leave to propose a toast to ye."

We knew the Laird's old-fashioned ways, and had grown to humour them. There was a pretence of solemnly filling glasses.

"I am going," said the Laird, in a formal manner, "to propose to ye the quick and safe return of a friend. May all good fortune attend him on his way, and may happiness await him at the end of his journey!"

There was no dissentient; but there was one small white hand somewhat unsteady, as the girl, abashed and trembling and silent, touched the glass with her lips.

CHAPTER XLIII.

EXPECTATIONS.

It was a fine piece of acting. These two continued to talk about the coming of our young Doctor as if it were the most simple and ordinary affair possible. All its bearings were discussed openly, to give you to understand that Mary Avon had nothing in the world to do with it. It was entirely a practical arrangement for the saving of time. By running across to Paris he would jump over the interval between our leaving West Loch Turbert and this present setting-out for the north. Mary Avon was asked about this point and that point: there was no reason why she should not talk about Angus Sutherland just like any other.

And, indeed, there was little call for any pale apprehension on the face of the girl, or for any quick look round when a sudden sound was heard. It was not possible for Angus to be anywhere in our neighbourhood as yet. When we went on deck next morning, we found that we had been idly drifting about all night, and that we were now far away from any land. The morning sun was shining on the dark green woods of Armadale, and on the little white sharp point of Isle Ornsay lighthouse, and on the vast heather-purple hills in the north; while over there the mountains above Loch Hourne were steeped in a soft mysterious shadow. And then, by-and-by, after breakfast, some light puffs of westerly wind began to ruffle the glassy surface of the sea; and the *White Dove* almost insensibly drew nearer and nearer to the entrance of that winding loch that disappeared away within the dusky

shadows of those overhanging hills. Late on as it was in the autumn, the sun was hot on the sails and the deck; and these cool breezes were welcome in a double sense.

We saw nothing of the accustomed gloom of Loch Hourn. The sheer sides of the great mountains were mostly in shadow, it is true; but then the ridges and plateaus were burning in the sunlight; and the waters of the loch around us were blue, and lapping, and cheerful. We knew only that the place was vast, and still, and silent; we could make out scarcely any sign of habitation.

Then, as the *White Dove* still glided on her way, we opened out a little indentation of the land behind an island; and there, nestled at the foot of the hill, we descried a small fishing-village. The cottages, the nets drying on the poles, the tiny patches of cultivated ground behind, all seemed quite toy-like against the giant and overhanging bulk of the hills. But again we drew away from Camus Ban—that is, the White Bay—and got further and further into the solitudes of the mountains, and away from any traces of human life. When about mid-day we came to anchor, we found ourselves in a sort of cup within the hills, apparently shut off from all the outer world, and in a stillness so intense that the distant whistle of a curlew was quite startling. A breath of wind that blew over from the shore brought us a scent of honeysuckle.

At luncheon we found to our amazement that a fifth seat had been placed at table, and that plates, glasses, and what not had been laid for a guest. A guest in these wilds?—there was not much chance of such a thing, unless the King of the Seals or the Queen of the Mermaids were to come on board.

But when we had taken our seats, and were still regarding the vacant chair with some curiosity, the Laird's hostess was pleased to explain. She said to him, with a shy smile—

"I have not forgotten what you said; and I quite agree with you that it balances the table better."

"But not an empty chair," said the Laird severely; perhaps thinking it was an evil omen.

"You know the German song," said she, "and how the last remaining of the comrades filled the glasses with wine, and how the ghosts rattled the glasses. Would you kindly fill that glass, sir?"

She passed the decanter.

"I will not, begging your pardon," said the Laird sternly, for he did not approve of these superstitions. And forthwith he took the deck-chair and doubled it up, and threw it on the couch. "We want the young man Sutherland here, and not any ghost. I doubt not but that he has reached London by now."

After that a dead silence. Were there any calculations about time; or were we wondering whether, amid the roar and whirl and moving life of the great city, he was thinking of the small floating-home far away, amid the solitude of the seas and the hills? The deck-chair was

put aside, it is true, for the Laird shrank from superstition; but the empty glass, and the plates and knives, and so forth, remained; and they seemed to say that our expected guest was drawing nearer and nearer.

"Well, John," said Queen Titania, getting on deck again, and looking round, "I think we have got into Fairyland at last."

John of Skye did not seem quite to understand, for his answer was—

"Oh, yes, mem, it is a fearful place for squahls."

"For squalls!" said she.

No wonder she was surprised. The sea around us was so smooth that the only motion visible on it was caused by an exhausted wasp that had fallen on the glassy surface and was making a series of small ripples in trying to get free again. And then could anything be more soft and beautiful than the scene around us—the great mountains clad to the summit with the light foliage of the birch; silver water-falls that made a vague murmur in the air; an island right ahead with picturesquely wooded rocks; an absolutely cloudless sky above—altogether a wonder of sunlight and fair colours? Squalls? The strange thing was, not that we had ventured into a region of unruly winds, but that we had got enough wind to bring us in at all. There was now not even enough to bring us the scent of honeysuckle from the shore.

In the afternoon we set out on an expedition, nominally after wild-duck, but in reality in exploration of the upper reaches of the loch. We found a narrow channel between the island and the mainland, and penetrated into the calm and silent waters of Loch Hourn Beg. And still less did this offshoot of the larger loch accord with that gloomy name—the Lake of Hell. Even where the mountains were bare and forbidding, the warm evening light touched the granite with a soft rose-grey; and reflections of this beautiful colour were here and there visible amid the clear blue of the water. We followed the windings of the narrow and tortuous loch; but found no wild-duck at all. Here and there a seal stared at us as we passed. Then we found a crofter's cottage, and landed, to the consternation of one or two handsome wild-eyed children. A purchase of eggs ensued, after much voluble Gaelic. We returned to the yacht.

That evening, as we sat on deck, watching the first stars beginning to tremble in the blue, some one called attention to a singular light that was beginning to appear along the summits of the mountains just over us—a silvery-grey light that showed us the soft foliage of the birches, while below the steep slopes grew more sombre as the night fell. And then we guessed that the moon was somewhere on the other side of the loch, as yet hidden from us by those black crags that pierced into the calm blue vault of the sky. This the Lake of Hell, indeed! By-and-by we saw the silver rim appear above the black line of the hills; and a pale glory was presently shining around us, particularly noticeable

along the varnished spars. As the white moon sailed up, this solitary cup in the mountains was filled with the clear radiance, and the silence seemed to increase. We could hear more distinctly than ever the various waterfalls. The two women were walking up and down the deck; and each time that Mary Avon turned her profile to the light the dark eyebrows and dark eyelashes seemed darker than ever against the pale, sensitive, sweet face.

But after a while she gently disengaged herself from her friend, and came and sate down by the Laird: quite mutely, and waiting for him to speak. It is not to be supposed that she had been in any way more demonstrative towards him since his great act of kindness; or that there was any need for him to have purchased her affection. That was of older date. Perhaps, if the truth were told, she was rather less demonstrative now; for we had all discovered that the Laird had a nervous horror of anything that seemed to imply a recognition of what he had done. It was merely, he had told us, a certain wrong thing he had put right: there was no more to be said about it.

However, her coming and sitting down by him was no unusual circumstance; and she meekly left him his own choice, to speak to her or not as he pleased. And he did speak—after a time.

"I was thinking," said he, "what a strange feeling ye get in living on board a yacht in these wilds: it is just as if ye were the only craytures in the world. Would ye not think, now, that the moon there belonged to this circle of hills, and could not be seen by anyone outside it? It looks as if it were coming close to the topmast; how can ye believe that it is shining over Trafalgar Square in London?"

"It seems very close to us on so clear a night," says Mary Avon.

"And in a short time now," continued the Laird, "this little world of ours—I mean the little company on board the yacht—must be dashed into fragments, as it were; and ye will be away in London; and I will be at Denny-mains; and who knows whether we may ever see each other again? We must not grumble. It is the fate of the best friends. But there is one grand consolation—think what a consolation it must have been to many of the poor people who were driven away from these Highlands—to Canada, and Australia, and elsewhere—that after all the partings and sorrows of this world there is the great meeting-place at last. I would just ask this favour frae ye, my lass, that when ye go back to London, ye would get a book of our old Scotch psalm-tunes, and learn the tune that is called *Comfort*. It begins 'Take comfort, Christians, when your friends.' It is a grand tune that: I would like ye to learn it."

"Oh, certainly I will," said the girl.

"And I have been thinking," continued the Laird, "that I would get Tom Galbraith to make ye a bit sketch of Denny-mains, that ye might hang up in London, if ye were so minded. It would show ye what the place was like; and after some years ye might begin to believe

that ye really had been there, and that ye were familiar with it, as the home of an old friend o' yours."

"But I hope to see Denny-mains for myself, sir," said she, with some surprise.

A quick, strange look appeared for a moment on the old Laird's face. But presently he said—

"No, no, lass, ye will have other interests and other duties. That is but proper and natural. How would the world get on at all if we were not to be dragged here and there by diverse occupations?"

Then the girl spoke, proudly and bravely—

"And if I have any duties in the word, I think I know to whom I owe them. And it is not a duty at all, but a great pleasure; and you promised me, sir, that I was to see Denny-mains; and I wish to pay you a long, long, long visit."

"A long, long, long visit?" said the Laird cheerfully. "No, no, lass. I just couldna be bothered with ye. Ye would be in my way. What interest could ye take in our parish meetings, and the church soirées, and the like? No, no. But if ye like to pay me a short, short, short visit—at your own convenience—at your own convenience, mind—I will get Tom Galbraith through from Edinburgh, and I will get out some of the younger Glasgow men; and if we do not, you and me, show them something in the way of landscape-sketching that will just frighten them out of their very wits, why then I will give ye leave to say that my name is not Mary Avon."

He rose then and took her hand, and began to walk with her up and down the moonlit deck. We heard something about the Haughs o' Cromdale. The Laird was obviously not ill-pleased that she had boldly claimed that promised visit to Denny-mains.

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